

SPORTS



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MARCH 7, 1955

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PAT ON THE BACK

A salute to some who have earned the good opinion of the world of sport, if not yet its tallest headlines

MRS. MARGIE LAW

Neighbors in Tempe, Ariz., wonder when blonde, attractive Margie Law finds time to sleep. Marge, 30, is best known as one of the nation's top women softball pitchers, but she also manages to raise her two children (boys 8 and 6), care for calves and horses ("One of them's expecting") at home, sell real estate, serve as co-owner of a softball park in nearby Phoenix and attend Arizona State College at Tempe as a sophomore, stressing business and physical education. A fireballing right-hander with a good rise pitch, Margie has been an All-America selection in six of the last seven years. In last year's world championships she pitched a perfect game, allowing nary a baserunner, and helped the Phoenix Ramblers take third place in the tournament.

RALPH RUSSELL

The ski bug came comparatively late in life to Ralph Russell, 64, who heads the Russell Manufacturing Co. of Leicester, Mass., world's largest maker of children's card games. He was 45 when he decided to take up skiing. In a few years he had mastered it. Today Russell is a topflight ski instructor, one of the few Americans ever to teach in a Canadian ski school. He is one of 17 instructors at the crack Snow Eagle Ski School, St. Jovite, Que., holds his own with his Canadian, German, Austrian and Norwegian confreres (whose average age is only 25), takes a regular turn at teaching classes.



JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

**Should a race-horse
owner run his horse
for experience and not
to win?**

CURLEY HARRIS, Racing Editor
New York, N.Y.



"Yes. 'Qualifying' a horse is a necessary evil. All owners do it. There's no other way a green colt can learn to run in competition.

Andy Crevolin's real crime was in publicly saying that such things are done. The tracks won't admit it because that would cut down the total take of the mutuels."

BILL GORUM, President
Churchill Downs



"It's a complex problem. A two-year-old can represent \$100,000 when he first goes to the post. He is green and can easily be hurt.

No one likes to see that much money go out the window. But I'm against 'qualifying' races, even though they have been the unwritten rule of horse racing for centuries."

GENE LEONE, Restaurateur
New York, N.Y.



"Yes. A horse may be great in the morning and then freeze before a great crowd. He has to learn to run in competition before he can win. Alfred Vanderbilt tried to get some such rule, without success. The public would be told that a particular horse was running for experience, not to win."

NAT HERZFELD, Former Owner
Tropical Park



"No. If the public is not in on a deal, it's the greatest evil to sportsmen who support racing. Abusing a horse is the lesser of two evils. The trotters have an exhibition race for two-year-olds, for a small purse. Why can't other tracks experiment with something like this?"

BEN JONES, Trainer and Manager
Calumet Farms



"Jimmy, that's a tough question. Take a promising horse who had something wrong and didn't get his early form. Let's say he's

a three-year-old. I don't believe in holding him, but he should be allowed to run on his own courage. If you push him to win you can easily ruin him."

ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT,
Owner and Breeder
President, World Veterans Fund, Inc.



"An owner should always try to win. Sometimes he might enter a horse without much hope of winning because the horse needs

the competition and experience he can get in no other way. But the horse must be allowed to give his best effort so the public can realize his true form."

HARRY WISNER, Radio and TV Personality
New York, N.Y.



"Most stables do it. They won't say so because racing stewards oppose the practice. Only Andy Crevolin was brash enough to admit it. For his honesty, he was suspended. It is unfortunate if bets are placed on a horse that isn't running to win. But I've heard it said that you can't beat the race."

DR. CHARLES H. STRUE, Exec. Vice President,
Santa Anita Park



"No. Suppose an owner instructs a jockey to run his horse just for experience. Some might bet on him, thinking he's running to win. That's dishonest. If an owner wants to run his horse for experience, he can enter him with instructions to let him run his best but not to punish him."

**HARRY F. GUGGENHEIM, Owner and
Breeder, Sands Point,
L.I.**



"I never run a horse unless I think he is able to win. But an occasional horse will not exert himself in training, no matter how much he is worked. We know he's good and believe he will exert himself in competition. So we enter him, believing he has a chance. Very often, he wins."

HIRSH JACOBS, Trainer



Elkton, Elber Stables

"It's true that a young horse is often raced for experience, but winning is important, too. Sometimes a couple of races are needed before a young horse gets into the winner's circle. Two-year-olds are hard to figure. But even though experience is necessary, I like it better when my horses finish in the money."

**HERBERT RAYARD SWOPE, Past Chairman
N.Y. State Racing
Commission**



"Certainly not. Unlike bygone days, betting is now a prime characteristic of racing. Entering a horse is not a bet on that he can be bet on (nely. My commission returned a parimutuel take of \$3,000,000,000 without a breath of scandal. Experience races might be a solution to the 'qualifying' problem."

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

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THE GRAPEFRUIT LEAGUE

Baseball 1955 began this week in Florida and Arizona when all 16 major league teams started spring training. Here *ST's* Robert Creamer and Horace Sutton present a map of Grapefruit League country and a guide to the multitude of things to do there, plus a schedule of games for the first 10 days

FLORIDA

ST. PETERSBURG

The end of Pinellas Peninsula is covered by the town, and the town by nearly 5,000 benches where the weary can rest. The place isn't noted for teenagers but there are shuffleboard, wonderful beaches, all kinds of boating, from row to yacht, and all kinds of fishing, from off a pier to off the deep end. The dogs chase the rabbit until the middle of March, and you won't have time for all the sightseeing trips.

YANKEES Mar. 10, 11, Cards at St. Pete; 12, Red Sox at Sarasota; 13, Red Sox at St. Pete; 14, Braves at Bradenton; 15, Phils at St. Pete; 16, White Sox at St. Pete; 17, Cards at St. Pete; 18, Athletics at W. Palm Beach; 19N, 20N, Dodgers at Miami.

CARDINALS Mar. 10, 11, Yankees at St. Pete; 12, Pirates at St. Pete; 13, Reds at Tampa; 14, Tigers at St. Pete; 15, Tigers at Lakeland; 16, Braves at Bradenton; 17, Yanks at St. Pete; 18, White Sox at St. Pete; 19, Pirates at St. Pete; 20, Braves at St. Pete.

LAKELAND

A short hike from Tampa but in the Florida Alps, altitude 215 ft. You can hit the strawberry festival at nearby Plant City, fish the lakes, drive up north to watch the citrus packers at Dade City, drive south to see Frank Lloyd Wright's idea of a college (Florida Southern).

TIGERS Mar. 10, Phils at Clearwater; 11, Red Sox at Sarasota; 12, Braves at Bradenton; 13, Braves at Lakeland; 14, Cards at St. Pete; 15, Cards at Lakeland; 16, Athletics at Lakeland; 17, Phils at Lakeland; 18, Phils at Clearwater; 19, Red Sox at Lakeland; 20, Red Sox at Sarasota.

DAYTONA BEACH

Occupies the World's Most Famous Beach, and you can drive over 23 miles of (usually) hard-packed sand where the speed boys have been racing since 1902. Daytona's famed sea gulls will all but perch on your head; there's a boardwalk with the usual equipment, and tiny cars and bikes to rent for beach locomotion. Fifteen miles of

motels to choose from, some good restaurants, especially Chez Bruchez and Delmonico's, and a neat-as-a-pin town across the Halifax River.

ORIOLES Mar. 11, Reds at Daytona Beach; 13, Birmingham at Ocala; 14N, 15N, Dodgers at Miami; 16, Dodgers at Vero Beach; 17, Dodgers at Daytona Beach; 18, Senators at Daytona Beach; 20, Athletics at Daytona Beach.

ORLANDO

The sea is 40 miles away, but there are more than 30 lakes in town. Winter Garden, 14 miles west, is surrounded by a dozen fishing camps, black bass being the prey. Orlando is a bigish town with plenty of motels. A botanical garden is just northeast and Sanlando Springs, with pool, beach and sulphuric waters, is just north.

SENATORS Mar. 10, Red Sox at Sarasota; 11, Pirates at Fort Myers; 12, 13, Athletics at West Palm Beach; 16, Reds at Jacksonville; 17, Reds at Orlando; 18, Orioles at Daytona Beach; 19, Athletics at Orlando; 20, Pirates at Orlando.

WEST PALM BEACH

The "west" part is the commercial city, but across Lake Worth is snug and social Palm Beach, a snazzy sanctuary since the days of Flagler. Worth Avenue is a tropical Rue de la Paix, a beautiful street of fine shops where *graciosa* dresses pop out of Jaguars to shop in beach pajamas and the young set amble in shorts, uncumbered by shoes and socks. Taboo and Alfbi have music, drinks and soft lights, Maison Lafitte is only one of an assortment of good restaurants and the Patio is the local El Morocco.

ATHLETICS Mar. 10, Pirates at Fort Myers; 12, 14, Senators at West Palm Beach; 14, White Sox at West Palm Beach; 16, Tigers at Lakeland; 17, White Sox at Tampa; 18, Yanks at West Palm Beach; 19, Senators at Orlando; 20, Orioles at Daytona Beach.

CLEARWATER

This winter refuge for the thin-blooded Yankee sits almost at the neck of the peninsula which is tipped by St. Pete. It has fine beaches, plenty of places to park your family, your yacht or your trailer in appropriate accommodations. There are three golf courses, one of which boasts the largest greens in all of Florida, if that's any distinction or help. The PGA headquarters and its own course are in Dunedin, three miles north.

PHILLIES Mar. 10, Tigers at Clearwater; 11, White Sox at Clearwater; 12, Reds at Tampa; 13, Pirates at Fort Myers; 14, Pirates at Clearwater; 15, Yankees at St. Pete; 16, Red Sox at Clearwater; 17, Tigers at Lakeland; 18, Tigers at Clearwater; 19, White Sox at Tampa; 20, Pirates B Team at Fort Myers.

TAMPA

Tampa sits inland from St. Pete at the head of Tampa Bay. It talks of pirates, *parfums* and *panatolas*. Spaniards called it home before the English were in Jamestown, and later Cubans and Spaniards came north from Key West and settled in Ybor City, a Tampa district which turns out more handmade cigars than any place, and dishes up in dozens of restaurants as fine a *guyracho* as you would ever slurp in Madrid.

WHITE SOX Mar. 10, Reds at Tampa; 11, Phils at Clearwater; 12N, 13, Dodgers at Miami; 14, Athletics at W. Palm Beach; 16, Yankees at St. Pete; 17, Athletics at Tampa; 18, Cards at S. Pete; 19, Phils at Tampa; 20, Reds at Tampa.

RED LEGS Mar. 10, White Sox at Tampa, 11, Orioles at Daytona Beach; 12, Phils at Tampa; 13, Cards at Tampa; 14, Red Sox at Sarasota; 15, Pirates at Fort Myers; 16, Senators at Jacksonville; 17, Senators at Orlando; 18, Red Sox at Tampa; 19, Braves at Bradenton; 20, White Sox at Tampa.

FORT MYERS

Some 120 miles south of Tampa Bay on the Caloosahatchee River, Fort Myers offers memories of Tom Edison, thousands of gladiolas and dreams of pirate glory. There's an important marine museum and a Donald Ross golf course. Blue jean cruises leave every week for the Everglades around Okeechobee.

PIRATES Mar. 10, Athletics at Fort Myers; 11, Senators at Fort Myers; 12, Cards at St. Pete; 13, Phils at Fort Myers; 14, Phils at Clearwater; 15, Reds at Fort Myers; 18, Braves at Fort Myers; 19, Cards at St. Pete; 20, Senators at Orlando.

VERO BEACH

On U.S. 1, the highway between the Keys, Miami and the frozen north. The best sight in town is Dodgertown itself, where Bums and apprentice Bums untie winter knots on land once occupied by the naval air arm. The air is not only full of baseballs, but grapefruits and oranges as well. Have a look at the citrus shippers and McKee Jungle Gardens, festooned with orchid plants and splattered with Bly ponds.

DODGERS Mar. 10, 11, Braves at Miami; 12N, 13, White Sox at Miami; 14N, 15N, Orioles at Miami; 16, Orioles at Vero Beach;

17, Orioles at Daytona Beach; 19N, 20N, Yankees at Miami.

BRADENTON

Nestles in the west coast sunshine just south of Tampa Bay, less than 50 miles from Tampa City. For beach swimming, take the viaduct road to the offshore islands. This town itself is on the Manatee River, once full of manatees, which are sea cows. (The only sea cow around these days sits in the Sea Zoo south of Daytona where it grows fat and nuzzles its keeper at feeding time.)

BRVES Mar. 10, 11, Dodgers at Miami; 12, Tigers at Bradenton; 13, Tigers at Lakeland; 14, Yankees at Bradenton; 15, Red Sox at Bradenton; 16, Cards at Bradenton; 17, Red Sox at Sarasota; 18, Pirates at Fort Myers; 19, Reds at Bradenton; 20, Cards at St. Pete.

SARASOTA

Not only Red Sox from Boston, but circus sock and buskin, too. The big top warms up until March, then heads north. Even after it leaves you can see the Ringling art museum, erected by the great showman to house his vast collection of fine art. Jungle Gardens is south of the museum. Sarasota nurtures a winter sun colony, with swimming, (both pool and Lido Beach), a turpin tournament and two golf courses, one a Donald Ross, the other named after Bobby Jones.

RED SOX Mar. 10, Senators at Sarasota; 11, Tigers at Sarasota; 12, Yankees at Sarasota; 13, Yankees at St. Pete; 14, Reds at Sarasota; 15, Braves at Bradenton; 16, Phils at Clearwater; 17, Braves at Sarasota; 18, Reds at Tampa; 19, Tigers at Lakeland; 20, Tigers at Sarasota.

ARIZONA PHOENIX

The surrounding desert is dotted with luxury hotels and upholstered ranches where a man can sun, dunk in the pools or, should the necessity arise, trundle down to the corral and sign up for riding. Some notable restaurants here,

especially the Flame, featuring a bar wherein the tipplers look headlong into a jungle of plants and monkeys; and out of town a bit, El Chorro, where you start out with a drink in front of the roaring outdoor fireplace.

GIANTS Mar. 11, Indians at Phoenix; 12, Indians at Tucson; 13, Cubs at Mesa; 13, Indians at Phoenix; 14, Cubs at Phoenix; 15, Indians at Phoenix; 16, Cubs at Phoenix; 18, Indians at Las Vegas; 19, 20, Indians at Los Angeles.

MESA

The town was founded by Mormons and although the Mormon Temple is closed to the public, the grounds are open 8 to 8 every day. Salt River Indian Reservation is to the north, and Scottsdale, one of the Southwest's most engaging towns, on the yonder side of the redclins. It's worth a trip to Scottsdale to park on a red plush cushion of Lulu Belle's Saloon, to gawk at the hirsute characters and shop the western shops.

CUBS March 10, Indians at Tucson; 12, Giants at Mesa; 13, Indians at Tucson; 14, 16, Giants at Phoenix; 17, Indians at Tucson; 18, Indians B Team at Mesa; 19, 20, Hollywood at Mesa.

TUCSON

In the early 18th century, when the Jesuits established a mission at Tucson, it was called Bac and was inhabited by Indians. Today, it is still inhabited by Indians, but these are from Cleveland, and only seasonally at that. There is a wide assortment of hotels, motels, lodges, ranches and sporting camps to nestle in at night. If you're not baking in the sun, or riding, or gawking at the Tribe, look in at the Mission San Xavier del Bac in the Papago Indian Reservation, or Pascua, the Yaqui Indian village 7 miles north.

INDIANS Mar. 10, Cubs at Tucson; 11, Giants at Phoenix; 12, Giants at Tucson; 13, Giants at Phoenix; 16, Cubs at Tucson; 15, Giants at Phoenix; 16, Giants B Team at Tucson; 17, Cubs at Tucson; 18, Giants at Las Vegas; 19, 20, Giants at Los Angeles.

IN ARIZONA

Only three of the 16 teams train in Arizona. But two of the three—the Giants and the Indians—copped their league pennants last season, a source of considerable pride to loyal Arizonians.





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5,000 MILES OF

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

As the tournament golf trail winds, it is 5,000 miles—and 1,000 holes of pressure golf—from California in January to the Masters at Augusta in April. This week, with the exception of Sam Snead, who has been bonefishing off Miami, and Ben Hogan, who has been lovingly adding the final touches to the new golf clubs he has been manufacturing in Fort Worth, just about all of the country's outstanding playing professionals are journeying, as is the tribe's inveterate custom, on that long sun-swept haul, variously known as the grapefruit circuit, the winter swing or simply "the tour."

The annual motorized migration begins in Los Angeles in the first week of January, proceeds across the dry, golf-able Southwest and South at the pace of a tournament a week (save for one week open for rest and recuperation), and winds up some three months later with the climactic Masters. This week, as the caravan of some 300 persons—the ranks of the "name pros" swelled by scores of relatively unknown young men hoping to obtain a firmer foothold in golf, the whole troupe rounded out by the wives and occasionally the children of many of the players—pulled into Baton Rouge for the 10th tournament on the schedule, the \$12,500 Baton Rouge Open, the 1955 tour had produced half a dozen different winners. Gene Littler, the sensational sophomore, had won at Los Angeles and Phoenix. Tommy Bolt had led the way at San Diego and Tucson. Cary Middlecoff had won the Crosby, Shelley Mayfield the Thunderbird Open, Mike Souchak the Texas Open and last week's Houston Open. (In the subsidiary tourney at Brawley, held the same week as the Thunderbird, Mike Fetchik was the victor.) The tour, to be sure,

COURSE-RECORD 63 was set by Jerry Barber in Houston Open last week, with help of a spectacular 125-yard hole-out on 18th. "I'm just a show-off," he exulted.

SUN-TANNED GOLF

The game's winter circuit—1,000 holes of pressure golf reaching from California to Augusta—is now at the halfway mark. This year's tour is notable for record purses, record scores and family-style caravan life

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK

had also produced its usual quota of milder success, clean-cut disappointment, aching backs, and superannuated carburetors.

This strange sports phenomenon, the winter tour, first began to roll in the early 1920s shortly after two (then startling) discoveries were made. First, a number of the leading pros of that era, foremostly Walter Hagen, learned from personal safaris that, spread throughout the country far from the acknowledged centers of golf, were thousands and thousands of incipient fans who considered it almost a privilege to fork over the price of admission in order to watch touring professionals take their local course apart with long

drives, beautifully struck approaches that actually spun back when they landed on the greens, and putts that rolled for the hole as if they carried road maps. And second, only a few years after Hagen and his colleagues had begun to include a few annual tournaments along the Gulf Coast and in the West as part of their winter schedules, it dawned on real estate men, resort promoters, chamber of commerce officials and other professional builders that when it came to making the rest of the nation conscious of their town or their spa, no other publicity gambit could compare with sponsoring a golf tournament. Why, all you did was shell out a couple of thousand (in

those days) and in return you got, literally, a million dollars worth of publicity—coast-to-coast date lines before, during and after your tournament and mentions of it all year round as an authentic part of the sports picture.

On the tide of this logic, and thanks to some astute navigation by the late Bob Harlow and subsequently by Fred Corcoran, each acting as the director of the Tournament Bureau of the Professional Golfers' Association, the formal winter tour—which in 1921 had amounted to three tournaments offering total prizes of \$8,545—gradually expanded during the 1930s and '40s. By the end of World War II, there was

continued on next page



TRAILER SOCIALIZING on the circuit finds Gene and Shirley Luller entertaining the Al Mengerts (center) on the afternoon

before the Tucson Open. The Mengerts brought the ice cream to celebrate the 11-month birthday of Curt Luller (near left).

CAMPAIGN MAP OF WINTER GOLF



GOLF CIRCUIT *continued from page 11*

a tournament lined up for every week from January through mid-April, \$10,000 was set as the minimum prize money for a tournament, and there was some talk (as there still is) of setting up one schedule of tournaments to be played in even-numbered years and another totally different schedule for the odd-numbered years in order to satisfy all the groups and individuals who wished to be golf sponsors.

The voluntary migrants traveling circuit this winter are shooting for a new record total of some \$215,000 in prize money in 15 tournaments, and what with the way golf is galloping these days, purses should continue to grow for quite a few seasons. If they do, it will be a very salutary thing, for the fiscal advantages of being a touring pro have in reality a lot less of the golden glow than most people think. The golf fan in snowbound Montpelier sees in his morning paper where Gene Littler, by winning the Phoenix Open, has picked up \$2,400 for four days of play (as opposed to work) beneath the kindly Arizona sun. This is nice pickings, all right, but to give the picture its proper proportions, it should also be mentioned that of the 200 to 250 circuit golfers who follow the sun (and occasionally the dust and the rain), only the top six hit the real money, only the top dozen or so clear their expenses, and the rest of the boys have to settle for calling it a "valuable

experience," a handy phrase to fall back on when you are trying to salvage something from an exhausting effort that has been fundamentally disappointing.

FAST, HARD TRACKS

If there is one major respect in which circuit golf differs from championship golf, it is the type of course the tournaments are played on. For the most part the circuit "tracks," as the pros call them in their proud patois, are relatively short and play much shorter than their yardage, since their fairways have been baked hard by the sun. Usually there is plenty of room in which to spray your tee shot with relative impunity, and so you can bang the drive for all you are worth. Usually the greens are as devoid of undulation as an ironing board, so you can pitch and putt boldly. The El Rio layout, the scene of the Tucson Open, presents a particularly curious aspect for a golf course. The tees and greens are green patches at the ends of Bermuda-grass fairways which have been bleached the color of a sand trap. Instead of the conventional rough, the area between fairways is an expanse of black-brown dirt interrupted by clumps of tamarack trees and cottonwoods. Arriving from Phoenix, the previous stop on the tour, Marty Fargol parked his car at the clubhouse, walked four holes and then, announcing that "this isn't my kind of track at all," got back into his car and drove on to San Antonio, the

next stop. It was a gesture in the grand tradition of Clayton Heafner, that really irascible man, who a few years back made the entire winter swing but was so disgusted by the aspect and condition of most of the courses that he usually kept right on traveling and actually entered only a quarter of the tournaments.

Circuit golf, it follows, tends to develop a special breed of player—men like Doug Ford and Ted Kroll, to name two who come quickly to mind—who are specialists in three clubs, the driver, the wedge and the putter. With this limited armory and their keen competitive edge, they perform the prodigies of scoring that have long been synonymous with the winter tour. Whereas a 72 still constitutes a fine round on a championship course like the Augusta National, a player who goes over 70 on a typical circuit course is apt to brood silently in the locker room until he has digested that unhappy fact, and with good reason, too: every year the number of capable pros increases and today, to insure yourself a visible chunk of the prize money at most circuit tournaments, you must average no higher than 69 for your four rounds. At the Tucson Open, for example, Ed Fargol led off with a 76, and though he followed it with a remarkable burst of 67, 66, 67, he still finished no better than a tie for ninth place, good for only \$390 in that \$10,000 affair.

A fortnight ago, over the 6,400-yard par-71 Brackenridge Park course in San Antonio, a municipal course so worn by constant traffic that the players drive off rubber mats, the most amazing scoring spree of the current tour took place. Mike Soucek, who last year was just another long hitter but is today a very handsome golfer indeed, won the Texas Open there with rounds of 60, 68, 64, 65. This adds up to 257 blows, the lowest aggregate for four rounds ever recorded in a PGA tournament. As for Mike's opening salvo of 60, which tied the record low score for 18 holes in an official competition, it was composed of a so-so 33 going out and a 27 coming back which not only smashed all PGA marks for nine holes but must surely be, whether or not all the returns are in from the Moscow Country Club, a world's record.

Mike did it this way. On the 10th, a fairly rugged par three some 180 yards long, he hit a six-iron about 14 feet from the pin and holed the putt. He played the 11th and 12th comparatively loosely—that is, he had to settle for two orthodox pars, his only

pars on that nine. Then Mike began to roll. On the 13th, 520-yard par five: a lengthy drive, a superb three-wood, a five-foot putt—an eagle three. On the 14th, 370-yard par four: a drive that left him a foot short of the trap before the green, a nibble chip which he almost holed, the kick-in putt—birdie three. On to the 15th, a par four, 385 yards long: drive, nibble, an eight-footer—birdie three. The 16th, 375 yards: a four-wood off the tee, an eight-iron five feet from the cup, the putt—birdie three. Then the 17th, another brief par four, 360 yards long: same old sequence—a long straight drive, a chip with the nibble, a 12-footer for the bird. And then on to the 18th, with Mike standing 10 under par for the round, and seven under after eight holes on the back nine.

When the pin is set on the left side of the green, as it was that morning, the 18th, a par three that measures 155, is a fairly stout test of nerve and skill, for the terrain at the left entrance and along the left side of the slightly plateaued green breaks sharply down to a creek. Moreover, there are fairly gusty winds to contend with. Mike went for the pin with a five-iron—heaving up was the important thing—and the ball finished on the back left edge of the green, some 25 feet from the hole. He took his time over the putt and holed it, of course, the only really long one he made on that incredible nine-hole run. And there it was: 244, 333, 332—count 'em—27.

Granting that the par fours at Brackenridge might well be evaluated as par three and a half, and admitting that the layout in general calls for a strange species of shot-making, you just can't play nine holes any better than Mike Souchak did that morning.

THE LONGEST HITTERS

A burly young man who played end for Duke—his brother Frank, who played end for Pitt, was, incidentally, the low amateur in the 1933 National Open at Oakmont—Mike Souchak looks at this stage of his development to have the stuff champions are made of. He is an easy man to root for.

My admiration for Souchak started a couple of afternoons before the Tucson Open got under way when I walked out to watch him and George Bayer play a familiarization round. Were it not for Bayer, a well-built, well-coordinated, all-round athlete who stands 6-foot-5 and weighs 240 pounds, Souchak would reign as the longest driver on the tour, a distinction that has

never been known to rub a man's self-esteem the wrong way. Frankly, I was hoping to watch a slugging match. It never materialized. George and Mike were conscientiously intent on playing good golf shots and letting their distance take care of itself. Souchak would drive one about 300 yards down the resilient, straw-colored fairway. Bayer then would poke one five to 15 yards farther. Or if Bayer had the honor and drove first, there was no straining on Souchak's part to get out past him. After their drives, they would ramble down the fairway discussing iron play. On the 10th hole that morning, after a 320-yard drive had carried him to within 60 yards of the hole, Bayer half-swung his wedge approach and sent it flying off-line and well over the green.

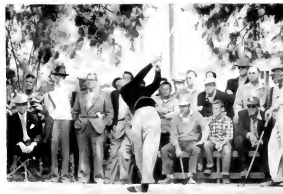
"George, I think you've been mov-

ing your head," Souchak volunteered impulsively. "You've got to keep it anchored. You do, you know, on your woods." With that he reached out and placed his hand atop Bayer's head, holding it still as the big man swept through a series of practice swings with his wedge. "That's what you want, George," Souchak said as they moved on to the green. "You should work on that."

BAYER'S PROGRESS

At the risk of making this off-beat incident seem too convenient, it should be added that two days later Bayer shot a 66 on his opening round, his best scoring effort to date on the circuit. He has a long way to go yet before he is a finished golfer—there are days when he puts like a jittery Ben

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TWO CIRCUIT WINNERS in action: Above, Tommy Bolt belts a beauty in Tucson Open where he finished with two 6's. Below, Mike Souchak, victor at San Antonio, plays five-iron off the 18th tee to set up birdie two for round in 60, round 27 for nine.



WINNING PROBLEM CHILD

by WHITNEY TOWER

Nashua, a speedy but temperamental bay, wins the wealthy Flamingo Stakes to set himself up as the potential star of the 3-year-olds—if he keeps his mind on the job ahead



A month before Hialeah proudly presented the \$111,800 Flamingo Stakes for 3-year-olds last Saturday, a jockey named George Edward Arcazo was standing by the snack bar in the jocks' room. As he leaned over the counter sipping a cup of coffee and drawing on a filtered cigaret, Arcazo was the perfect picture of the confident man. He had already slipped on the white- and red-dotted silks of the Belar Stud and now, in the last few quiet moments before he would ride out to face a flamingo-pink world, he spoke from the heart about the horse he was about to ride. "I know Nashua is the outstanding 3-year-old in the country. What I don't know—and what nobody else here knows either—is whether Nashua will run like the best 3-year-old."

Thus, in a nutshell, America's finest rider posed what may be the only real question about his mount—a magnificent bay problem child possessing the speed and heart of a champion and yet just enough of the unpredictable temperament of a prima donna to justify a sense of uneasiness among his followers every time he steps out on a race track. In the walking ring a few minutes later Arcazo legged up on Nashua under the careful scrutiny of Belar's master, William Woodward Jr., and Belar's trainer, 80-year-old Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons. During the previous week the trio had discussed tactics, the opposition—and the problems child. After Nashua won his first race of the year five days earlier at a mile and a sixteenth, Mr. Fitz told worried observers: "He had me a little frightened, running the last eighth like a clown and looking up in the grandstand as though he were counting the house. It isn't that he's mean, but it seems he resents Eddie using the whip." Then, after some reflection, he added, "I see a lot of Gallant Fox in this horse. When he got in front, he'd drop his ears and say, 'That's that.' But, like Gallant Fox, this colt should be a great one." As an added precaution that Nashua

"BEST 3-YEAR-OLD in America," on the testimony of Eddie Arcazo, Nashua takes Flamingo lead with half mile to go. Stratton (No. 5) hung on to take second



NASHUA'S HAPPY STEERING COMMITTEE. BILL WOODWARD, EDDIE ARCARO, MR. FITZ

wouldn't flub his chance to give Mr. Fitz the first Flamingo victory of the old trainer's long and happy career, the big bay was relieved of his customary blinks. "I want him to see all he can see without worrying himself," explained Sunny Jim.

There is no telling how much worrying Nashua did last Saturday. None, however, among the record Hialeah crowd of 37,282 escaped from the pink premises without suffering through a 12-minute period of anxious suspense. Nashua won his race, as most everybody expected he would. He won this mile-and-a-furlong classic by a length and a half over Mrs. Marion duPont Scott's Saratoga and 10 other rivals, but even as he crossed the line under the usual proficient Arcaro hand-ride Nashua prompted veterans in the stands to predict that if any horse beats Nashua it will probably be Nashua himself. Here they had a good point, for in this 26th Flamingo Nashua nearly did beat himself—not for lack of running fast enough, but because of an old familiar tendency to do the wrong thing at the wrong time.

This time Nashua did it, as he nearly always does, on the way home. The race, for the last quarter mile, was strictly between Nashua and Saratoga, both of whom had moved to the front shortly after passing the half-mile pole. In the upper stretch, as Nashua and Saratoga ran away to settle this issue

between themselves, Nashua bore out. As he did he had a brief brushing encounter with Ted Atkinson aboard Saratoga. Later, with but a 16th of a mile to go, Nashua ducked suddenly in toward the rail in still another demonstration of unruly running temperament.

Atkinson, as expected, protested that Nashua's behavior ruined Saratoga's winning chances. The judges, however, after a 12-minute study of the film, exonerated Nashua and ruled that he already had a length lead when he swerved in approaching the finish.

The decision brought a relieved sigh from a mass of bettors who had sent Nashua postward at odds of 7 to 10. It also brought some relief to the tri-

umvirate of Woodward, Fitzsimmons and Arcaro, who could sit down to divvy up a check for \$104,600. Said Arcaro after the race, "He ran a little more kindly today, but was still fooling around. If he had run as he should, he would have won by 10. You can't tell how good he is."

One reason nobody can tell how good Nashua is, as he starts off in quest of the Kentucky Derby roses and the honor of being history's ninth Triple Crown winner, is that the 1955 Flamingo gave Nashua relatively little opposition. The real test of the Flamingo was to have been between rich and mighty Nashua and the unbeaten Boston Doge, who has won all eight of his races. But late on Thursday Boston Doge developed a slight cough. Owners Paul and Frank Andolino immediately agreed that their star should be saved for the Experimental Handicap at Jamaica on April 2.

As for Nashua's future plans, Woodward and Fitzsimmons said they would make a decision after the weekend. Mr. Fitz would like to bring his star to New York soon, but he gladly concedes that the boss should have the last word. "If Mr. Woodward wants to spend more time in Florida, we may point for the Florida Derby [at Gulfstream, March 26]. Mr. Woodward should be allowed a few decisions. After all, I want him to have some fun owning this horse."

Owning Nashua may indeed be fun for Woodward, Mr. Fitz and part-time worker Arcaro in 1955. "But," warned Arcaro as he departed, "there's a lot of tough races ahead. None of us know what to expect from Summer Tan and Royal Coinage [Nashua's leading rivals in 1954], and out in California they've got some pretty fair horses, too. This could be Nashua's year—but Nashua is going to have to make it his year the hard way."

END



Hialeah's tame flamingos have a makeshift race of their own after the classic. For untamed flamingos turn page

FLAMINGOS AT HOME

by JOHN O'REILLY

Rare color pictures taken in the Netherlands West Indies show a remote colony of wild flamingos in gaudy pageantry as only a handful of ornithologists have been privileged to view them



PHOTOGRAPHS BY K. MAYER

THE 700 or so flamingos that inhabit the lake and infield of the Hialeah Racetrack in Florida see a lot of people and horse races in their lifetime, but though these captive birds (their wings are clipped periodically) live and raise families in urban surroundings, theirs is a contrived community. For a look at truly wild flamingos one must travel to some of the loneliest places of the earth where these gaudy birds build their mud cities and rear their young. They are communal birds and flamingo towns are always crowded. In the course of wading shallow lagoons, courting or rising by thousands into the clear tropic skies they create some of the most breath-taking sights in nature.

It was to study and photograph wild flamingos that three American businessmen and their wives traveled down to Bonaire, an island in the Netherlands West Indies off Venezuela. The three were Gardner D. Stout, chairman of the executive committee of the National Audubon Society; Bayard W. Read, retired banker and ardent bird photographer; and Walter N. Rothschild, president of Abraham & Straus, the Brooklyn department store.

When they got to Bonaire there were an estimated 4,000 flamingos on the barren salt flats at the southern end of the island. But as always the birds were difficult to approach and the pictures were only fair. However, their disappointment was forgotten when they met a short, round, genial individual who introduced himself as K. Mayer.

K. Mayer was the mechanic for the five cars on the island. It developed

that he was an Austrian refugee who wound up on this remote tropic island during World War II and stayed on afterward. K. Mayer became interested in flamingos and was spending most of his money on cameras. Would the visitors like to see some of his flamingo pictures in color?

When the three businessmen saw the pictures they exclaimed as they had when they first saw the actual birds. They wound up buying the pictures and dividing them up for their private collections. A selection of the best of K. Mayer's efforts is reproduced on the following pages.

One reason for Stout's trip was the growing concern of ornithologists and conservationists over the status of the American flamingo, most spectacular of the six species of flamingos that inhabit the world. Their decline in numbers has been steady.

Robert P. Allen, research ornithologist of the National Audubon Society, who has just finished a three-year study of the birds, reports that there are between 20,000 and 25,000 American flamingos left. He estimates their original population at five times this.

Flamingos breed in large colonies averaging 2,000 nests and 4,000 birds. They are so wary that if disturbed excessively the entire colony will depart and raise no young at all. There used to be a colony of 6,000 nesting adults on Andros Island in the Bahamas, but during the war pilots took delight in buzzing the colony to see thousands of red birds rise into the air. These and

other encroachments were too much for the flamingos and they deserted the colony. Their last nesting on Andros was in 1946. When Allen went there in 1951 he found only 12 birds on the whole island.

Though they have built their towns in wastelands even these birds are now feeling the pressure of man's economic expansion. Their traditional territories are being invaded in the search for oil and the manufacture of salt. Today there are only two places where the American flamingo nests regularly and successfully: on Inagua, the southernmost island of the Bahamas, and along the coast of Yucatan, Mexico.

Allen made 30 field trips to flamingo towns during the three-year study project. Stephen F. Briggs, Milwaukee manufacturer, sponsored the project and went along on some of the trips. For weeks at a time Allen sat in the stifling heat of a blind on the marl flats watching every detail of the strange life of the flamingos in their own home town. He found that everything they do is odd, even to the point of apparently standing on their heads when they eat.

The upper mandible of the curved bill is hinged instead of the lower one as in most birds. When feeding, the flamingo lowers his head into the water with the bill pointing backward and upside down. Though its head is pointing backward, it walks forward, pumping the muddy water in and out of the bill. Its tongue bristles with comblike

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Flamingo town on the salt flats of Bonaire, N.W.I., is a noisy, crowded place. Birds in center sit on nests with stilt legs folded under them







KALEIDOSCOPIC PATTERN is formed by thousands of flamingos in simultaneous take-off from their nesting grounds, creating one of nature's most thrilling sights. Ungainly during mad scramble into the air, flamingos are slow and graceful in flight.



DESERTED CITY. After flamingos have taken the air, their nest mounds resemble prehistoric ruins. To build these nests they roll up pellets of mud and use them like little bricks. This keeps the single egg or young bird above the level of shallow tidewaters.

NURSERY SCHOOL. When about 10 days old, young flamingos are able to toddle and gather in large flocks (below), wandering among the nest mounds. Parent birds look after the nursery, feeding their own youngsters and those of their neighbors as well.



SOUNDTRACK

THE EDITORS FIND COLE PORTER AND A CZECH GIRL BEATING THE
SAME TEMPO, TUNE IN ON A VERBAL EXCHANGE BETWEEN MARCIANO
AND COCKELL AND GRANT LEAVE OF ABSENCE TO A TENNIS QUEEN

Skater's waltz

BROADWAY's latest hit is the Cole Porter musical, *Silk Stockings*, built around the Ninotchka theme that the luxuries of the West have an enticement for those who live on the Iron Curtain's iron rations. The heroine, a commissar of impressive grimness, succumbs to Paris and is transformed thereby from an ugly duckling into a lovely swan, worthy of the love of Don Ameche, who plays the singing lead.

This is a familiar theme in real life too, especially on the sports beat. Last week blonde Miroslava Nachodska, after competing for Czechoslovakia in the 1955 world figure-skating championships in Vienna, decided to improve her chic by slipping over into the American zone. She was by no means the first Czech athlete to make this decision. Preceding her had been tennis players Jaroslav Drobný (later a Wimbledon winner) and Vladimir Cerník, swimmers Jiri Kovar and Jiri Linhart, Olympic skier Antonin Sponar, ice-hockey players Olda Zabrodsky and Mirek Slama and figure-skating champions Aja Vranova and Jirina Nekolova. Vranova was world champion in 1949-50.

Blonde Miroslava Nachodska finished only 18th among 22 contestants in this year's world championships, but had led her eight teammates at Budapest a week earlier when she placed eighth in the European championships. As an amateur athlete she had received from the Communist state a monthly income of \$200, which is considered good pay where she comes from, was able to travel, and sometimes could shop in capitalist countries. All told, an attractive setup. There were, however, drawbacks. Nachodska, who is 22 and likes to look it, had been criticized by her superiors for using lipstick and nail polish. She dared not wear slacks lest she be charged with "Bikiniism," which is an offense against the very soul of Bolshevism.

Nachodska hopes to continue her

skating career in the United States or Canada, where girls will be girls no matter which party is in power.

The Beak vs. The Belly

NOT SINCE Primo Carna defeated Paulino Uscudun at Rome in 1933 has there been a heavyweight championship fight outside the United States. For all the putative efforts of British promoter Jack Solomons to bring the Rocky Marciano-Don Cockell bout to London, it appeared last week that the U.S.A. still is the natural home of the big gate.

Tender-nosed Marciano and spinaker-hollied Cockell signed papers to meet in San Francisco sometime during the week of May 16. The place was left blank for a day out of deference to Solomons' pleading that his curious "hob-a-nob" plan still had a chance. Solomons' plan envisaged a shilling contribution from every BBC-TV license holder, of which there are 4,155,989, with BBC underwriting any

shortages in the collection box. BBC was horrified and said it would do no such thing.

The two heavyweights—Marciano at 195 pounds, Cockell admitting to 218—sized each other up at the signing.

"Cockell looks more powerful than I expected," Marciano said. "He's only a little shorter than I am."

"Marciano is taller than I thought," Cockell said. "He certainly carries himself like a champion."

Two other fighters were less than pleased with what was going on. Archie Moore, light heavyweight champion who feels that he alone has earned the right to fight Marciano, and Nino Valdes, ranked No. 1 contender in Nat Fleischer's *King* ratings, were left out in the cold with no one to fight but each other.

Scuttlebutt: they might do that at Las Vegas under the billing: The Fighters Marciano Refuses to Meet.

Arnold Sowell

MANY WORDS have been written about the hold that sports and games have on our sedentary population and on the worship that our sedentary population bestows on athletes whose skills or accomplishments are outstanding. Much of this apologia has been directed at those who do not particularly care for athletic contests—neither to participate in nor to watch—and who cannot really understand why any sane and grown person can melt into ecstasies of delight at the sight or even the thought of a fine runner or outfielder or tailback or whatever.

There is no intent here to add to the wealth of literature directed at these nonbelievers. Let them go to their paintings, their music, their ballet. This is for those who have seen DiMaggio lunge after a fly, head cocked to one side, grace enveloping him like a robe, or who have seen Robinson fight, or Jones swing a golf club. This

continued on next page



COLLEGIAN Arnold Sowell, discovery of indoor track season, wins IC4A 1,600.

is to tell them; there is another. Have you seen Arnold Sowell run?

Arnold Milton Sowell is a slender young man from Pittsburgh, who will not be 20 until April 6 but who has already been called by one astute track coach—George Eastman of Manhattan College—"the greatest runner I ever saw."

Eastman offered his verdict last week after the AAU 1,000-yard run, in which Sowell tied the world record of 2:08.2 and soundly defeated the great Norwegian runner Audun Boysen. But Eastman must have been thinking, too, of Sowell's hard-won victories over Fordham's remarkable half-miler Tom Courtney in the outdoor IC4A and NCAA championship half miles last spring, when the powerful Courtney was at the very peak of his form, of Sowell's ability to turn in cracking times at distances from 440 yards (46.9) to five miles (24:59), of the casual, almost absent-minded way he ran a 1:52.1 half mile in the NYAC indoor games three weeks ago, barely a second and a half off the indoor world record, of the fact that in dual meets Sowell has appeared in five different events for the University of Pittsburgh.

Or perhaps it is simply because Eastman has watched Sowell run, and like a dedicated track man choked at the perfection of Sowell's spring and stride, his drive and sprint.

Carl Olson, Pittsburgh's glazed, unexcited track coach, smiles at Eastman's comment. After all, Eastman never had a runner like Sowell, while Olson once had Johnny Woodruff, the 6-foot 4-inch giant with the nine-foot stride who won the Olympic 800 meters in 1936 at Berlin as a college freshman (and who danced an odd little Chaplinlike burlesque of Adolph Hitler's stiff-armed Nazi salute when that race-baiting dictator, furious at the success of those he called America's "black auxiliaries," refused to greet the victorious Woodruff).

Olson has a tremendous regard and affection for Sowell, but when it comes to comparisons he stands firm and says, "At this stage in their careers, Woodruff was greater."

But Sowell's potential is staggering. At 19 he has years and years of competition ahead of him (Mal Whitfield, for example, is 30).

"And he coaches so well," Olson said last week just before the IC4A championships in New York. "After that NYAC half I said, 'Arnold, you need work.' He said, 'Okay, Coach.' I ran him a three-quarters on Monday. I said, 'Arnold, you have to do better.' I ran him another on Tuesday and he did 3:05. On our old dirt track that's equivalent to 2:58. I said, 'Arnold, that's all. Don't do another thing.' That Saturday, before the AAU 1,000,

I said to Dan Ferris, 'Dan, we're ready.'"

Olson sat back, as proud as a parent. "Well," he said, "you saw the meet."

Last Saturday, Sowell won the IC4A 1,000-yard title and anchored Pitt's championship mile-relay team. In the 1,000 he ran to save his strength for the relay and his time was a slow 2:14.7. But he ran with such awe-inspiring ease, as good runners struggled behind him, that there was simply no question in anyone's mind that Sowell was the outstanding athlete of the meet.

One veteran fan who has watched track and field since the turn of the century and whose hazy of comparison comprises men like Sheppard, Meredith, Helfrich, Eastman, Heenboestel, Woodruff and Whitfield gave to Sowell his highest compliment.

"He's a real good runner," he said.

Apple pie for Norman

THE SKY little blonde turned her blue eyes on the two local reporters from the San Diego *Canon* sitting in the living room of her mother's house. "I just don't enjoy tennis any more," she told them. "I've lost that old spark, the drive one must maintain to go through a long season's campaign like I have for several years. All the time I've been thinking of Norman and our plans together," she continued, looking over at Norman Brinker, the young Olympic equestrian she met two years ago. "So I said, 'Let's analyze it, Mo. There's no use going on like this. If I don't have the keen interest for tennis, a tout



would be no good.' So I said to myself, 'Might as well tie that hitch and get married.' We plan to do so in June."

Thus with a retirement announcement that Calvin Coolidge would have thought a bit verbose, Maureen Connolly passed the word that at the age of 20 she was going to stop accumulating the world's tennis titles that have been her own private preserve since she was 17. Here is a fabulous record. When she first won at Forest Hills in 1951, Maureen was the youngest national champion since May Sutton turned the trick in 1904. In 1953, she became the first woman ever to sweep the four major championships—Australia, France, England and the U.S., the last without the loss of a set.

After winning her third straight Wimbledon title last June, Little Mo went home to San Diego, her horse, her boy friend and the accident that changed the shape of her life. While

she was riding down a road, her horse shied into a truck, breaking her leg just above the ankle and putting her out of last year's Nationals. But no one seriously doubted she would be back this year to dominate the women as only Suzanne Lenglen, Helen Wills and Alice Marble did before her.

In recent weeks, Little Mo has been working out on her mended leg, which now bears a deep scar. But her heart and mind seemed to be on other matters. "The big thing is that I've lost my interest," Mo explained to the reporters. "The leg, of course, is a factor. It's not a new limb, but I've been running and playing fairly well. It's bothered me to this extent: sometimes it hurts at night when I get through playing. Mainly, though, it's my mental attitude. I just want to retire for a while."

This was very bad news in several quarters. Amateur tennis officials, who like to see the crowds that jaunty Little Mo brings to their grandstands, moaned out loud. They pretended not to believe she was really serious. "She'll take a year off for her marriage and then we'll see her on the courts again, I'm sure," said one of them. Promoter Jack Kramer, who last year offered Mo a fat contract for a professional tour, held his tongue, but there was some hope for him. "If it hadn't been for the accident, I would have turned pro last year," Mo admitted. "Now I just don't feel up to it. We'll see what happens."

Mo's immediate ambitions are far more decisive. "I've got to learn how to bake an apple pie. That's his [Brinker's] favorite dessert."

Badminton's Joe Alston

BADMINTON is a game which consists of hitting a cork ball with feathers stuck in it back and forth over a net. A backyard version of it can be played by anybody with enough strength to stand up straight and enough wind to whistle a chorus of *Break the Axes to Mother* in Guy Lombardo tempo.

But championship badminton is one of the world's fastest games. Shuttlecocks (the feathered cork balls aforementioned) have been clocked at a speed of 110 mph as they leave the racket. After an hour of this version of the game, a man's legs ache, his head throbs, his breath comes in lung-stabbing fits, his stomach muscles sear and all the while he must wear a poker face lest his opponent suspect that he is ripe for the kill. So says Joseph Cameron Alston (see cover), the 28-year-old FBI agent of San Diego, Calif., who will be the mainstay of the U.S. badminton team scheduled to meet Canada in the American zone finals of the Thomas Cup matches in Winnipeg on March 11 and 12.

"It's really a funny game," Joe

Alston said one evening last week as he finished a workout in the Pasadena armory. "It's hard for people to realize how much there really is to it when all they see is some elderly couple playing in a backyard. But if they saw the same couple playing golf or tennis it would look a little boring, too."

Alston, the best player in the U.S. and one of the best in the world, is living proof that you don't have to be a big man to play championship badminton; he stands 5 foot 8, weighs 145. He is a stickler for training and, when his FBI job permits, practices faithfully every night with the other prospective members of the Thomas Cup team. Sure to go to Winnipeg with Joe are Wyan Rogers, 36, perennial national doubles champion; Bobby Williams, 32, probably the hardest hitter in the game; Carl Loveday, 24, and Dick Mitchell, 33. The sixth place on the team (the Davis Cup team of badminton) will go to Bill Perry, 25, of San Diego or to Manuel Armendariz, 21, a UCLA student.

If they listen to Joe Alston, the youngsters on the team will practice every minute they can salvage from their jobs or studies. They must not only get in the best possible shape but believe they are in even better shape than that.

"It sounds kind of ridiculous," says Alston, "but you've just got to believe that you're in better shape than the other guy. Even when it begins to hurt, you've got to tell yourself that this cannot be because you are in too good shape to have such a thing happen to you."

Joe Alston is married, and the question naturally arises, "What does a wife think when her husband races off to the badminton court every evening after work?"

Mrs. Alston thinks it is just fine. She happens to be ranked No. 3 among the women badminton players of the country and, with Joe, holds the national mixed doubles championship.

News of Nearco

RACE TRACK SCHOLARS will react immediately to the name of Nearco, the great Italian horse who climaxed a string of 14 straight victories by winning the Grand Prix in Paris in 1938. Late word on the subsequent fortunes of Nearco was available last week and straight from the owner's mouth, too. In New York, homeward bound to England after a vacation in Nassau, Martin Benson, who paid \$300,000 for Nearco after his Grand Prix victory, revealed that his prize possession (now 20 years old) is as prolific a sire as ever and will be visited this year by 40 mares in the interest of improving the breed.

Mr. Benson, a sprightly, white-haired man in his 70s, could not have been approached at a better time.

"I call your attention," he said happily, "to just three races at Hialeah last week. Sixth race on Thursday. Winner, Mandil. Mandil is by Nasrullah out of Golden Apple, and Nasrullah is a son of Nearco. All right. Seventh race same day. Winner, Kabob. By Sayajira out of Flying Pan. Sayajira is likewise a son of Nearco."

Mr. Benson put a hand to his mouth to stifle a chuckle of triumph.

"Now," he cried, "Saturday at Hialeah. The Flamingo Stakes. Winner, Nashua! By Nasrullah again—out of Segula!"

Smacking a folded sports section of his newspaper, Mr. Benson rested his case with: "Need any more he said?"

Nearco is the star boarder but not the only one, by any means, at Mr. Benson's Beech House Stud near Newmarket in Suffolk. Another stallion for whom Benson has high hopes is Faubourg II, who also has a full appointment book for this year. "When I say my stud is one of the best in all England," said Mr. Benson, "I say so unblushingly."

For years Mr. Benson was referred to in U.S. sports pages as "London's leading bookie." He said he was nothing of the sort. "What I was," he declared with dignity, "was London's leading turf accountant."

Sport of queens

IF the merchant seaman of legend is a hooser and a brawler who spends all his time ashore in the handiest waterfront saloons, then the legend stands in urgent need of repair. When the *Queen Mary* arrived at her Hudson River pier one day last week, most of the crew headed straight for a soccer field across the street where the First Class Waiters were scheduled to play the Engine Room in the final of a soccer tournament for the ship's Knock-out Cup, an 18-inch silver trophy annually awarded to the best of the

Mary's seven soccer teams. With members of the other teams (Cabin Class, Tourist, Kitchen, Deck and Engineers) cheering them on, the Waiters served the Engine Room lads with a 3-0 defeat. The Waiters were so clearly the better team that no one even bothered to make a point of the fact that the



referee, Tom Goulding, just happened to be a first class waiter himself.

Later, aboard ship, Mr. Peter Sands Johnson, assistant purveyor and football manager of the *Mary*, said that the crew as a whole was quite keen about soccer and, for that matter, the other sports sponsored by the ship's Social and Athletic Club. "We're not seeking publicity, you know," said Mr. Johnson, trimming a sandwich for tea time, "but I believe it would be quite all right to say that we also go in for cricket on Staten Island, and darts and table tennis, as well."

Mr. Johnson, a man in his thirties who bears not a little resemblance to Anthony Eden, thought a moment. Then, with true British restraint, he went on:

"I suppose there's no harm in saying that we also have a ship's team made up of the best players on the departmental teams. The ship's team plays other ships that happen to be in port, like the *Merlin* and *Queen of Bermuda*, our neighbors along the piers. But, mind you, we're not seeking to attract attention or anything of that sort. We just happen to be keen on sports, that's all. Same thing holds true on the Q.E. [the *Queen Elizabeth*], but I shouldn't presume to speak for their chaps."

Mr. Johnson said the sports programs are concentrated on this side of the Atlantic. On the other side, he said, a chap wants to get home to his family.



K. V. Farnham

SOLOS OF THE WEEK



PLATFORM DIVER Juno Siver Irwin, 24, of Glendale, Calif., won 10-meter Pan American Games tryouts.



THREE-METER WINNER at tryouts in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., was a pretty 15-year-old diver, Jean Stunyo of Genoa Pointe, Mich.

DUETS OF THE WEEK



TÊTE-À-TÊTES took place between sociable camels in London zoo and Fighter Don Cockell of Britain and Heavyweight Champion



Rocky Marciano in the office of the International Boxing Club in New York. Cockell came to sign contract for May title fight.



OLYMPIC CHAMPION Jim McLane, ex-Yale star, won 1,500-meter swim to qualify for Games.



WORLD RECORD for 220-yard freestyle was set by U. of Michigan's exultant Jack Wardrop, who beat former record holder Ford Konno in 2:03.9 at Ann Arbor.



VICTORY KISSES went to winners of international pancake race among housewives of Liberal, Kan., and Olney, England.



British Consul H. J. Legg kissed over-all winner Mrs. Binnie Dick of Liberal, Verger Bill Mynard saluted Olney's Mrs. Doris Millward.

ROYAL ARABIAN BASKETBALL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIA LY YACONA

YOUNG PRINCE practices passing basketball before regular game begins.



THE KING of Saudi Arabia is a basketball fan. During a visit to the U.S. in 1947, as Crown Prince, he marveled at the size of New York City, toured industrial plants, attended diplomatic functions, learned the names of all makes of U.S. cars (he recognized only Cadillac and Pierce Arrow until then) and joyfully discovered the ball-and-hoop game.

When he returned to his oil-rich country (three times the size of Texas, about the same population as Michigan—6,500,000) he immediately hired a Moslem athletic director from Jerusalem to teach his sons basketball. King Saud has no trouble fielding enough players; he has 37 sons (nobody bothers to count the daughters) from his 20-odd wives.

Today, on a standard size court just off the Al Masera Palace grounds, the princes between the ages of 8 and 13 play a game for His Majesty every week. The winning team receives a solid-gold cup, specially imported from the U.S. Already enough cups have been awarded to make almost every prince the proud owner of a royal basketball trophy.

SOLID-GOLD CUP trophy stands before King Saud watching game while holding Prince Turki.



PRINCES WEARING DIFFERENTLY STRIPED SHIRTS TO DENOTE TEAMS SCRAMBLE FOR BALL. FINAL SCORE FOR THIS GAME WAS 8-5





IN PREGAME CEREMONY PLAYERS LINE UP BEFORE FATHER, CLICK HEELS, SALUTE, SHOUT ARABIAN FORM OF "GOD SAVE THE KING"





CROWN PRINCE Karl Gustav of Sweden, 8, engages in snow-bull duel while skiing near Stockholm during school holidays.



PRINCESS MARGRETHE, 14, heiress apparent to Danish throne, starts a run down mountain slope in central Norway.

ROYALTY ON RUNNERS AND A RAFT

SAMPLING the available sports in widely separate parts of the world last week were a number of young people born to the purple. True to their Scandinavian heritages, the heirs to the

thrones of Sweden and Denmark were in the mountains where they gracefully took to their skis. In a sun-warmed latitude, the world's most publicized princess, nearing the end of a state tour,

took a cruise on one of the oldest types of craft known. The rough hewn bamboo raft was a far cry from the plush barge "like a burnish'd throne" which a royal lady of the Nile used long ago.



PRINCESS MARGARET of Britain goes bareheaded in tropic sun as she floats down Jamaica's Rio Grande on a bamboo raft

during her visit to the Caribbean island. Lady Foot, wife of the Jamaica governor, accompanies Princess Margaret on the trip.

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NEXT, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only *fine ale* can give.

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I am thinking... so now I'm drinking Red Cap...

Carling's **RED CAP** Ale



THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

Turpin—but he is the possessor of a splendid golf swing and not just an oak of a man who belts the ball a ton. The club he demonstrates when the pros hold their clinic is the difficult one-iron. He hits it about 250 yards and straight.

Bypassing such young men as Gene Littler, Peter Thomson, Shelley Mayfield, and Bud Holscher, who have already proved themselves to be fine golfers who should become finer golfers, in the opinion of many observers there are three comparative newcomers to the tour who bear comment: Bobby Rosburg, Jay Hebert and Peter Alliss. Whatever a stylist is, Rosburg isn't, but he can get that ball into the cup, quick. He is a very daring player, almost headlong, and with the exception of Jerry Barber, perhaps the soundest putter in the caravan. Hebert, a native of Louisiana, has humped into some rough last rounds when he was in an excellent position to win at the three-quarters mark, but he is a brilliant striker of the ball and from tee to green he can be immense. Alliss, the son of Percy Alliss, the well-remembered British professional of the Hagen era, is a large, good-looking, articulate young man of 24, who was a member of the 1953 British Ryder Cup team and won the French Open last summer. Jack Burke has been very impressed by Alliss' over-all technique but particularly by "the way he flies the ball off the tee—he's straight and he keeps that ball up in the air as long as anyone in the game does." Alliss came over in January with Bernard Hunt, also a member of the last Ryder team, and four other young British pros. "You see, back in England we have nothing like your tour," Alliss was explaining to a lean young pro from Texas as the two were trying out new brass-headed bull's-eye putters on a practice green, putting away and talking away. "We have only a dozen tournaments the year round. One doesn't get the competitive practice. That's one of the reasons your boys are so much better than we are in international competition."

"Do you think you fellows can pick that up in the eight weeks you're going to be over here?" the Texan asked.

"No, that's much too short a time," Alliss agreed, regrouping his trio of practice balls. "But even the brief exposure is bound to be helpful. What your top players have and we don't is the knack of playing well even when they're really not playing well, if you



PERILS OF THE ROAD include flat tires. En route from Tucson to San Antonio, George Beyer makes change with the dubious assistance of Stan and Mrs. Dudas.

know what I mean. On an off-day when they make a pack of errors, they still bring in a good score. Let's say a chap has played a hole really badly and has an 11-foot putt left for his par. He looks it over and really works on it, and where I would probably miss it, he makes it. He salvages his par. Now that's tournament ability, and that's what we're trying to gain, along with learning how to play several shots we rarely get on our courses."

"Like what?"

"Oh, those lovely low wedge shots with bite on them you all play so expertly. You're always on the pin. What a stroke-saver that shot is!"

"Peter, I've got news for you," the Texan remarked pleasantly. "That's why all us natives are on the tour, trying to learn the same damn things."

BOLT AND THE YOUTH BRIGADE

For all the abundance of youthful talent on the tour, no one has been playing better golf than the veteran Thomas Bolt, 35. In winning the San Diego and Tucson Opens, Tommy did everything right. His medium and short irons, which he plays with a deft, rhythmic stroke, have been especially formidable. At San Diego he got off on a very right foot by racking up seven consecutive birdies, the result of wafting seven consecutive approaches six, six, three, eight, four, four, and four feet respectively from the flag. He was never headed after that. At Tucson it was a matter of starting fairly slowly with a 69 and a 67, and then edging

up with a 65 to within a shot of the leader, Bud Holscher, as they moved into the pay-off round. Bolt made up that stroke on the first nine and won the tournament on the 16th, a straight-away, moderate-length par four, by sticking an elegant pitch about 11 away and holing that birdie putt with his glass-shafted cash-in putter. Holscher, playing in the threesome behind Bolt, came to the 16th some five minutes later. He misgauged the strength of his pitch and it trickled some five yards over the back edge of the green. From there he rolled a "Texas wedge" some four feet short, and when he missed that short putt, it was all over.

Surrounded as he is today by the brigade of youngsters who have enjoyed a college education and many other advantages early in their lives, Bolt stands out, just about the last of the old hard-bitten crew, a fascinating and enigmatic personality, generous with his money, florid in his speech, cynical, spontaneous. And when he is deked out in his black-and-gold outfit (the one with the black suede shoes with gold saddles, mustard-gold slacks, a black sport shirt bordered with white, the black sweater piped with yellow, a dark gray baseball-type cap, and a yellow glove) he somehow conjures up the image of the outlaw horseman of the Old West, bizarrely transported to the fairways. But make no mistake. Here is a marvelous golfer.

It is the winners the galleries watch and the winners who are talked about,

continued on next page



FAMILY LUNCHEON of the Wally Ulrichs at the El Rio Club in Tucson lasts until their small son Jimmy dresses to table-top and hush again (above) with Ed Furgol.



CANDLELIGHT DINNER is regular feature of trailer life for the Dick Mayers. Here Dick (center) and wife Dolis entertain St's Herbert Wind on eve of the Texas Open



GALLERY OF ONE is constituted by Mrs. Ray Hill as she watches her husband,

GOLF CIRCUIT *continued from page 31*

but the actual tournament rounds are only a small part, in truth, of that sports phenomenon, the winter tour. As the pro pack meanders across the brown southern states, stopping, starting, and stopping again, a hundred-odd quick-takes repeated weekly, or daily, make up its flavor.

There is the hurried dash by the whole caravan, the afternoon a tournament finishes, to get on the road and headed toward the next proving ground on the schedule. At the hotels, motels and trailer camps, the hugs are tossed into the trunks of the cars, the wardrobes hung on the metal rod that stretches above and across the back seat, and the cavalcade roars off.

Golf pros are notoriously fast drivers. Doug Ford and Bo Wininger are regarded as the hardest on the accelerator now that Toney Penna is no longer making the circuit. Not counting their travel expenses, it costs the average pro around \$175 a week to live on the tour, and a pro who is traveling with his wife seldom breaks \$200. This adds up, so the only players who can afford to fly from tournament to tournament are the big winners. Cary Middlecoff is, in truth, the only regular air traveler.

There is the trailer camp. With more and more young men taking to the tour accompanied by their wives and their under-school-age children, the trailer is definitely the tour vehicle of the future. You not only have the appurtenances of home life along with you but at \$5 a week for parking privileges at a trailer court, and your own kitchen, you can hold expenses down.



the veteran circuiter from Minnesota, get down to work on eighth green at Tucson.



"CIRCUIT BACHELOR" Johnny Palmer absorbs letter from his family back in North Carolina while circuit wife Doris Mayer tucks in son Ricky in Mayers' trailer home.



The Littlers have a trailer, of course, and so do the Arnold Palmers, the Felice Torraas, the Bob Grants, the Pat Pattons. The Dick Mayers' is the current showplace, a 30-foot, 8,000-pound job which Dick and Doris designed themselves. The Bud Holschers have a new and larger trailer on order. Social note from Phoenix: Shirley Littler threw a shower for Bonnie Holscher and Nita Winger who are expecting.

There is the practice fairway, densely populated from dawn to dark. Freddy Wampler probably chews up as much turf as anyone, though Frank Stranahan and Jerry Barber are not far behind. *Sowick . . . thwick . . . sowick . . . sowick . . . thwick . . .* on it goes hour after hour, always in the background like a Greek chorus.

PARTIES AND BULL SESSIONS

There is the portly and ubiquitous Ray O'Brien who directs the tour for the PGA. "O.B.," who first traveled the circuit as a player back in 1931 and has been traveling it since 1936 as an official, has the responsibility—to enumerate just a few of his jobs—for "liaisoning" with the local sponsor, handling the registration of entries, seeing that adequate locker space and fair prices for the meals at the club are provided, setting up the qualifying rounds, inspecting the course and drawing up rules to govern special local conditions, making out the pairings and the starting times, and arranging for golf clinics, press and radio releases, the presentation ceremonies, the breakdown of prize money, the cashing of checks, and reservations for rooms six tournaments ahead. He is fortunate (and so is the tour) in having as his

field secretary his wife Jo, an orderly whirlwind. It is a rare occasion when "O.B." can get through a meal without being summoned from the table by some detail that needs instant attention—Tony Holguin's drive on the first has ended up in a gopher hole and an official is needed to rule whether or not Tony is entitled to a free lift, or a state trooper is at the first tee with a summons for speeding for John Barnum and wants to yank John off the course in the middle of his round.

There are the ball sessions at all hours. Such as admitting that golf is sort of a negative game—what did I do wrong?—does it do you any good to read *The Power of Positive Thinking*? Or, what are the best stops on the tour? In this last connection, the consensus would seem to be Palm Springs,

the Crosby (when the weather is right), Houston (where the price is right—\$30,000), and naturally the Masters. "Now, that Palm Springs deal is my favorite," Al Bessellink, probably the most ebullient of the nomads, confided one night as he stroked his alpaca sweater. "What it is is a swell party. A real golfing atmosphere during the day and plenty of life in the evening. This year they had a big tent set up in the patio of the clubhouse and Les Brown's band playing there. That Les isn't too tough, you know."

There are the many unknown youngsters who want more than anything else to make a career in golf and who find breaking through a terribly rugged business. At each tournament there are 50 to 70 "open places" set aside for

continued on next page



TIP FROM THE TOP



from **TOMMY ARMOUR**, pro at the Boca Raton Club, Boca Raton, Fla.

Playing in a tournament at Pinehurst at one time, I had a very comfortable lead going into the last nine holes. I was playing very well when suddenly my iron shots started to spray. I was hitting the ball in the center of the club and the flight was correct, but the ball would veer just far enough to the right to land in the bunkers. This happened at the 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th holes and cost me a stroke each hole. Although I had a good lead, I could not afford to throw it away at that pace. The funny thing about it was that I did not know what I was doing.

Going down the 14th, a very difficult par four, Phil Perkins came up to me and said, "Tommy, your right side is stuck." Of course, anyone who plays golf knows that this can be disastrous. I had hit an adequate drive on the 14th. Before playing my second shot, I thought of what Phil had told me and I took a couple of practice swings allowing my right side to come in. I then knocked my second shot straight on the pin and continued to hit fine straight irons on the remaining holes.

I have never forgotten Phil's tip—I would never have won the tournament without it—and I suggest most emphatically that you try to remember it.



Incorrect position at the finish of the swing (light drawing) shows that the player's right side has not come into the shot at all. Correct position (dark drawing) illustrates the full pivot of the hips and shoulders at the top of the backswing and (right) at the conclusion of the stroke

NEXT WEEK'S PRO: JIM BROWNING ON DROPPING THE WRISTS



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TENNIS

THE NEW TONY TRABERT

Winning the National Indoor, he showed the attitude of greatness

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

NEW YORK

TWO THINGS particularly impressed me about Tony Trabert as he won his first title on the boards, the 52nd National Indoor Championships—and I think both augur well for Tony and the United States Davis Cup future. One was his improved volleying technique. The other was his attitude.

In the past Trabert has had a costly volleying weakness—he was inclined to catch the ball too low, particularly on his backhand. This meant he was forced to volley up and make a defensive shot of it. In the indoor Tony was moving quickly to the forecourt and catching his volleys shoulder high.

It was a crisp, sharp volley such as Wilmer Allison used to make. Tony used the volley as an offensive weapon, which it should be, and when he hit it, the shot usually was a winner or put the other guy in trouble.

Tony is a husky boy (6 foot 1, 185 pounds) with more the build of a footballer than of a tennis champion. Because of this, he gives the impression of being slow of foot. Agility

championship at Forest Hills in 1953.

This was particularly noticeable in the semifinal match against Art Larsen, the onetime "Peck's Bad Boy" of tennis. Larsen is a wily little left-bander who is always tough, particularly on boards where his sensitive touch and fantastic reactions pay dividends. Art was a big favorite among most sideline observers to win the indoor crown which he took in 1953.

But Trabert, quick as a jungle cat, got the best of Larsen in their many exciting rallies and repeated his performance in the final against Richardson—always a rugged man to beat.

HE LEARNED THE HARD WAY

As for Trabert's attitude, I liked the businesslike way he plowed through the field. Here is a boy who has had his problems. After his big year in 1953, he may have felt he had everything made and everybody would lay over and play dead for him. He learned differently—the hard way—but he learned.

He seems to have steeled himself for the big job ahead. He knows if he is to be a great champion he has to work at it. During this tournament he went out with the attitude: "I'm going to be the best. I dare you to beat me."

He played the finals against Richardson with an extremely bad cold. But he never once mentioned it. He never once "alibied." I think that is another good sign. I hope he takes his "indoor game and attitude" outdoors.

Richardson showed a continuation of the improvement which was so marked in his case last year. He's coming and he's going to be better. He still has one major problem. He can't soften his second service with the result that he makes too many double faults.

Ham serves his second shot with almost the same speed as his first. He has been doing this for so long that he is afraid to go back to a three-quarter pace for fear he would be more inclined to miss than with his "hard, fast, first one." But this bug can be worked out. A singles berth on the 1955 U.S. team is Ham's immediate goal and I think he'll make it. **END**



RUNNER-UP RICHARDSON, WINNER TRABERT

has never been one of his strong points.

Yet in the indoor tournament he surprised everyone with his speed, quick reflexes and anticipative powers. Personally, I thought he played the best tennis he's shown since he captured the national grass courts



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tator look under the sun, or in the rain. And it comes in many outdoor colors. The Stetson Turf Club is also recommended for foreign convertibles and for country weekends. Its price: \$12.95. Other Stetson Hats to \$40. Also made in Canada. Stetson is part of the man.

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MR. RICKEY and THE GAME

by GERALD HOLLAND

I AM ASKED to speak of the game," said Branch Rickey, restating a question that had been put to him, "I am asked to reflect upon my own part in it. At the age of 73, on the eve of a new baseball season, I am importuned to muse aloud, to touch upon those things that come first to mind."

Seated in his office at Forbes Field, the home of the Pittsburgh Pirates, Branch Rickey nibbled at an unlighted cigarette and sniffed the proposition like a man suddenly come upon a beef stew simmering on a kitchen stove.

Abruptly he threw himself back in his chair and clasped his hands over his head and stared up at the ceiling. He looked 10 years younger than his actual age. Thanks to a high-protein, hamburger-for-breakfast diet, he was 30 pounds lighter than he had been three months before. His complexion was ruddy and his thick brown hair showed only a little gray at the temples. Now his great bushy eyebrows shot up and he prayed aloud:

"Lord make me humble, make me grateful . . . make me tolerant!"

Slowly he came down from the ceiling and put his elbows on the desk. Unconsciously, perhaps, a hand strayed across the desk to a copy of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*. The hand was that of an old-time catcher, big, strong and gnarled. He turned slowly in his chair and swept his eyes over the little gallery of framed photographs on the wall. Among them were George Sisler, Rickey's first great discovery, one of the greatest of the left-handed hitters, now at work down the hall as chief of Pittsburgh scouts; Rogers Hornsby,

the game's greatest right-handed hitter, a betting man for whom Rickey once dared the wrath of baseball's high commissioner, Kenesaw Mountain Landis; Jackie Robinson, chosen by Rickey as the man to break down baseball's color line; Honus Wagner, the immortal Pittsburgh shortstop, now past 80, at this moment growing weaker by the day at his sister's house across town; Charley Barrett, the old Cardinal scout, Rickey's right arm in the days when St. Louis was too poor to make a Southern training trip.

Turning back to his desk, Rickey grimaced and then spoke rapidly, almost harshly:

"Of my career in baseball, let us say first of all that there have been the appearances of hypocrisy. Here we have the Sunday school mollicoddle, apparently professing a sort of public virtue in refraining from playing or watching a game of baseball on Sunday. And yet at the same time he is not above accepting money from a till replenished by Sunday baseball."

ONE MAN'S PROMISE

He paused and bit the unlighted cigarette in two. He dropped his voice:

"A deeply personal thing. Something not to be exploited, not to be put forward protestingly at every whisper of criticism. No, a deeply personal thing. A man's promise, a promise to his mother. Not involving a condemnation of baseball on Sunday, nor of others who might desire to play it or watch it on Sunday. Simply one man's

promise—and it might as well have been a promise not to attend the theater or band concerts in the park."

His eyes went around the room and were held for a moment by the blackboard that lists the players on the 15 ball clubs in the Pittsburgh farm system. His lips moved and the words sounded like, "But in the boy ready for New Orleans?" Then, with a quick movement, he leaned across the desk and wagged an accusing finger.


"Hell's fire!" he exploded. "The Sunday school mollicoddle, the bluenose, the prohibitionist has been a *liberal*! No, no, no—this has nothing to do with Jackie Robinson. I contend that there was no element of liberalism there. I will say something about that perhaps, but now the plain everyday things—the gambling, the drinking, the . . . other things. I submit that I have been a liberal about *them*!"

He was silent. He did not mention or even hint at the names of managers who won major league pennants after everyone but Branch Rickey had quit on them; nor the men who gladly acknowledge that they are still in baseball because of the confidence Rickey placed in them.

The telephone with the private number rang. Branch Rickey picked it up and traded Southpaw Paul La Palme to the St. Louis Cardinals for Ben Wade, a relief pitcher. "You announce it," he said into the phone, "and just say La Palme for Wade and an unannounced amount of cash. We'll talk about a Class A ballplayer later. Any-

PHOTOGRAPH BY IVAN MASSAR

text continued on page 59



The image is a color photograph of an elderly man with glasses, wearing a black tuxedo jacket, a white shirt, and a black bow tie with white polka dots. He is holding a white baseball in his hands. Behind him is a green chalkboard. On the chalkboard, there is a framed piece of paper with a decorative border and a quote. The quote is written in a serif font and reads: "He that will not reason is a bigot: he that cannot reason is a fool and he that dares not reason is a slave." The first letter 'H' is a large, ornate initial. Below the quote, there is an open book with white pages.

He that will not reason is a
bigot: he that cannot reason
is a fool and he that dares
not reason is a slave.



MID-WINTER REGATTA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB LANDRY

THIS sailors of southern California almost never take their boats out of the water. But in February, brisk winds make them bundle up in waterproof woolen trousers and hooded sweaters when they fill San Pedro harbor with their 327-boat, three-day Mid-Winter Regatta, the West Coast's largest (SI, Feb. 21). This year, SI sailed the regatta with them and found that the home of the Balboa blue-denim sailing uniform is now going all out for red sailing gear. The crew of the *Sea Queen* wore red-and-white-striped knitted shirts, red poplin pants, sparked by crew-member Dick Terkel, the West Coast sailor's favorite tailor (Phelps-Terkel). Other news at the regatta: white duck is back—in jackets and trousers.



ITALIAN FISHERMAN'S CAP is worn by Emil Sorenson aboard Fred Harbo's *Sea Queen*. All members of crew wore red-striped madras shirts, red pants.



OLYMPIC UNIFORM of navy wool was made for Bill Horton by Phelps-Terkel.



HOODED SWEATER, duck jacket and wool sailing pants warm Marjorie Orleans.



WOOL SLACKS, nylon sailing jacket are chart-studying Humphrey Bogart's gear.

◀ COLLEGIATE CHAMPS FRED MILLER AND JUDY GRAY INSPECT HIS SNIPE, "CONFEDERATE"

DAYTONA'S ROARING WEEK

by JOHN BENTLEY

For eight speed-filled days, cars of every description chased the elusive goal of speed in the annual NASCAR classic of 1955. It was a week of records, wrecks, a flaming death and a final anticlimax

OVER THE broad, flat, dazzling expanse of Daytona Beach a giant cloud of sand mushroomed into the blue Florida sky like dust from an exploding bomb. Perched on sand dunes, on grandstands, on the tops of thousands of parked cars, 28,000 spectators strained eyes and ears as the low rumble of 10,000 horsepower pushing 48 of America's newest and fastest production automobiles swelled to a roar on the backstretch. In double rows, their brightwork masked in heavy tape, windows closed to the brine-filled ocean breeze, the massed cars swept across the starting line near Daytona's tricky south turn and were off on the 160-mile Grand National, the climactic event of a week of speed organized by NASCAR, the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing.

It was 3:45 on Sunday afternoon. For eight days, since Sunday morning of the week just ended, Daytona's sands had been churned by the wheels of speeding cars. Day by day, they had moved up to the starting line, engines roaring as the green flag dipped, tires biting, sliding, biting again as each car gathered speed, whined up through gears and disappeared, a lonely speck against the immense backdrop of the sea. Records had fallen, favorites had been dethroned, and death took one



WINNER TIM FLOCK got big runs when Glenn Roberts was disqualified next day.

driver in a flaming crash in those eight days when speed and more speed was all that Daytona thought of. There were moments of disaster and near-disaster, for Daytona is a tricky 4.1-mile course: after the stretch of iron-solid sand comes the north turn, sharp and sliding, into the asphalt-paved switchback; then the south turn, narrow and dangerous, twisting back to the sea and the straightaway again.

There were surprises: Bob Said, a ferociously determined, 22-year-old racing enthusiast from Connecticut sprang the first on Monday. On that

day of the sports cars, he barreled a Grand Prix Formula 1 Ferrari down Daytona's timed mile at 174.334 mph, turned, and sped back again at 166.743 mph for a two-way average of 170.538 mph. Said's performance was as unexpected as it was sensational—it was the first time he had ever driven anything as powerful as the Ferrari, which prompted Phil Walters, heretofore considered a sure winner in Briggs Cunningham's D-Type Jaguar (164.135 mph average), to give him a friendly warning just before the record run. "This is a lot of automobile," said Walters. "Don't push too hard." When Said got through pushing, he was the fastest driver at Daytona in NASCAR's six-year history of beach racing and the second fastest driver ever to race there in any car other than frenzies or mammoths built specially for the job.

FASTER AND FASTER

There were rivalries, personal and otherwise. Warren Koechling, an Eastern Airlines pilot, and Brewster Shaw, a Daytona Beach Chrysler dealer, pushed each other through successive runs in the big new Chrysler 300s until Koechling won out with a final two-way average of 127.580 mph which shattered the previous record by over 10 mph. The Ford Thunderbird driven by Joe Ferguson settled for good the argument of whether this new American sports car could top 120 mph—Ferguson clocked 124.633, fastest in his class. The Thunderbird also copped the stock U.S. sports car acceleration run (one mile from a standing start) with 84.66 mph; Bill Frick's 4.9 Ferrari won in its class with 96.102. Louise Bird took the Ladies' Flying Mile on Wednesday in a Jaguar XK-120 at 123.882 mph after Lucie Archhold, with a one-way run of 125.043 mph already behind her, developed ignition trouble in her Mercedes 300SL and slowed to 105.913 on her second try.

There was death, too, under a serene blue sky on Saturday afternoon when Al Briggs, driving a '39 Ford in the modified 125-mile race, was caught by a following car after a tangle with Jim Thompson in another Ford and

continued on page 44



STARTING FIELD in the Grand National sweeps into the south turn. At right is

Tim Flock's Chrysler; behind him Glenn Roberts' M-1 which immediately took lead.



SPECTACULAR CRASHES occurred in early stages of 100-mile Sportsman race when, one after another, eight cars failed

to make the slippery south turn. Above, No. 53A moves down dune; below, having straightened, it stops as another goes over.



FLAMING DEATH (below) came in Saturday's race of "flying junkies" when Al Briggs was trapped in wreck of his 1939 modi-

fied Ford. Pulled out just before this picture was taken, he died that same night of multiple burns. Race was stopped after crash.



DAYTONA *continued*

hurled down the dunes in flames. Thompson escaped with broken bones, but Briggs, burned over 90% of his body, died in the hospital that night.

But for all that went before, no one was taking bets on the outcome of the big race Sunday afternoon as the packed field swept off the asphalt and into the south turn. And it was as well that no one did, for the 160-mile Grand National sprang the biggest surprise of all, and, for the second year running, ended in a sad anticlimax 24 hours after the last car crossed the finish line.

It was a one-minute, 14-second run-away for Glenn the Fireball Roberts in a 1955 Century Buick. By the time the race was half over, Roberts was nearly a minute ahead of his nearest rivals, Tim Flock and Lee Petty in two Chrysler 300s, and Jim Paschal in an Olds 88. For 35 laps these three held their positions while Roberts pulled steadily away. Then Paschal ran out of gas; Ray Duhigg moved up to fourth place in his Olds, and five laps later they crossed the finish line in that order.

It was too good a victory. Under the strict NASCAR rules, every car must be submitted to a rigid test—Fireball's Buick was torn down and closely measured to its very entrails. And because the pushrods actuating four valves had been illegally ground down and polished, he was disqualified. A year before, Tim Flock also lost his victory for a mechanical violation. This year, with Roberts out, Tim Flock in his Chrysler 300 was declared the winner.



THE LOOK OF DAYTONA during speed week is typified by these cars massed on the beach for the unlimited sports car trials while the broad sea rolls in the background.

THE CLASSIC SANDS

Daytona's history spans the lifetime of the U.S. automobile

by HORACE SUTTON

SHORTLY after the century turned, a band of social sportsmen went down to Florida to play in the sand. They brought along a new toy, the sports car, which they delighted in racing along the hard-packed, Atlantic-washed shore line of Ormond Beach. In 1902 W. Gould Brokaw showed up in a 60 hp Renault. Soon William K. Vanderbilt Jr. was on hand with a Mercedes, a horseless carriage that would pull like 90 horses. Spectators came to watch in tweeds and wing collars, parking their fringed surreys at

the edge of the grassy dunes, crunching their bowlers over their ears and turning up the velvet collars of their Chesterfields against the chill wind that only lately had swept the coast of Portugal, 3,000 miles eastward across the sea.

There were some unsocial newcomers too. An inventor, Henry Ford, lived in a breeze-blown tent on the sand. But he couldn't scrape together enough money to have his cracked crankshaft repaired, and he was never in the running. Alexander Winton, in cap and goggles, leaned on the bare steering wheel of the Winton Bullet, a contraption that was little more than an engine and a chassis mounted on four wire wheels, and sent it zooming down the sands at 68.198 mph, a new record.

When Willy K. Vanderbilt cracked a new world's record in his Mercedes the next year, a whole stream of speed fanatics headed South. They bore names famous to racing, and some that would be emblazoned on hubcaps the world over and become household words in the decades that followed. They were Ransom E. Olds, who gave his name to the Oldsmobile and his initials to the Reo; Lancia of Italy and Chevrolet of France, and F. E. Stanley, who built the Steamer.

The raceway was incomparable. From Ormond, the beach stretched southward to Daytona, a flat, gleaming straightaway for 23 unbroken miles, water-cooled and resurfaced by the tide twice a day. Daytona became Speed City by-the-sea. Demogoot in



BOMBSSHELL ON THE BEACH. youthful Bob Said attuned experts by streaking down flying mile at 174.314 mph in a Ferrari for new record, beating latest type Jaguar.

an eight-cylinder Darracq covered an amazing two miles in less than a minute, and soon Major H.O.D. Segrave and Sir Malcolm Campbell were roaring up the sands at better than 200 mph. By 1935 Campbell and his Bluebird had done Daytona at 276.82.

The sand strip which the social sports car enthusiasts discovered in the first years of the century is now officially classified as a state highway. It is safe to say that it is the only state highway in the nation that is underwater half the time. During the times that it is high, flat and dry, it becomes a concourse for thousands of motorists either en route between Miami and the northlands or merely joy riding on what Daytona immodestly refers to as The World's Most Famous Beach.

Although the speed limit is 10 mph, a driver who would like to burst the bonds of propriety and the law may race over the sands once each year—during the Speed Week just ended. Those who tried paid \$10 to join NASCAR and another \$2 for hospitalization insurance against possible croppers (none cropped). Any driver able to get the family jalopy up to 100 mph over the two-way course qualified for membership in the Century Club (a few made it).

There are signs that the mechanized pilgrimage may move from the beach to the mainland side of Daytona, where plans are afoot to build the fastest 2½-mile speedway in existence. Instead of the standard oval shape, the Daytona Raceway will be a modified triangle with three straightaways. With stands for 30,000, it will cover a 600-acre site adjacent to the Daytona Airport. The nation's largest stock car races will be

held in February and an Indianapolis-type event over a 300-mile course will be held in July. If the project is financed in time, it will be ready in 1956, the object being to perpetuate racing in Daytona, its natural birthplace, rather than Indianapolis, its adopted home, or the Bonneville Salt Flats of Utah, an upstart competitor.

A deserted sand bar in its early racing days, Daytona Beach now has 15 miles of motels, can house 25,000 visitors a night in all its installations. The dunes where Ford pitched his tent are now a beachfront occupied by Ellinor Village, the nation's largest family resort, with a capacity of 3,000. Last year Daytona's motels sent so many people to the Speed Week races that the promoters had to stop selling tickets.

When there are no races Daytona visitors can browse through the new Museum of Speed, which contains Sir Malcolm Campbell's Bluebird and other immortals of the sands. Or with Walter Mitty dreams, they can send their own Benevolent Buick along the World's Most Famous Beach, albeit at 10 mph, or rent a ½-horsepower gas runabout that *can't* make more than 10 miles an hour, or ride a bicycle (15 mph), or even a live, saddled, longhorn steer (2 mph), rented for such purposes. Overhead, Daytona's sea gulls will wheel and wing and catch bread bits on the fly and clip crusts out of your hand. And far above, down from the Naval Air Station at Jacksonville, Banshees and Cutlasses (600 mph), the new speed merchants, chalk lazy vapor doodles on the blue, flying over the Daytona Speedway like homing pigeons out of a new era, drawn irresistibly to their right cote. **END**

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teeth which separate small mollusks and crustaceans from the mud. These pass into the throat which has an opening about the diameter of a pencil. A flamingo five feet tall couldn't swallow an average-sized acorn.

Fighting mosquitoes in his blind, Allen watched the birds roll up little balls of mud which they fashioned into nest mounds. These mounds may be 18 inches high but average 10 inches. In a dish-shaped depression on top of the mound the female deposits a single egg.

Allen was intrigued by the awkward young birds. They leave the nest when only 10 days old and about the same time the straight bills with which they were hatched begin to curve downward like those of their parents. Flamingos are such social birds that they even raise their young on a nursery-school basis. Upon leaving the nest the young herd together and are fed by the adults. The old birds don't single out their own chicks but will feed any offspring that acts hungry. When only a month or so old the young begin to fend for themselves, "standing" on their heads and pumping delectable mollusks from the oose.

RACETRACK FUGITIVES

John James Auduhon reported seeing flocks of up to 1,000 flamingos in south Florida more than 100 years ago, although there is no proof that they ever bred there. Now the occasional lone flamingo that turns up in Florida is judged to be a fugitive from the captive colony at Hialeah Race-track, where J. W. Morrow, curator of flamingos at Hialeah, has had amazing success in getting the shy birds to thrive and breed.

Allen says that a streak of bad luck could reduce the population of the American flamingo in five to eight years to a point from which they could never come back.

Some conservationists and ornithologists feel that attempts should be made to establish a colony in the Everglades National Park. Although it is uncertain that the birds nested in Florida in former days they feel that the growing threats to the existing colonies warrant the effort. There are many obstacles but the park contains large areas of suitable habitat where their natural food abounds.

Until this suggestion is acted upon the American flamingo is destined to carry on its curious life and stage its color displays on a dwindling scale as its barren wastelands are invaded by man. (END)

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BASKETBALL

SAMMY'S GOLDEN RULE

It has made the little College of Idaho a basketball powerhouse

by GERALD ASTOR

THERE is a particular interest in the meeting at Kansas City, Mo. this week of 32 small-college basketball teams to determine the champion of the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics. Among the 450 educational institutions which make up the NAIA, the College of Idaho (student body: 500) is a dark horse which has been rocketing to the front ranks in a manner seemingly miraculous. The reason is that the Coyotes, steady cellar-dwellers, have devised one of the nicest systems yet employed to build top teams in spite of the superior buying powers of their big-name rivals.

The man who developed the C of I system to payoff proportions is squat Sammy Vokes, who arrived at the Caldwell, Idaho school just a few years ago as head basketball coach and football line coach. When Sammy arrived sports at C of I were at a low ebb. The Coyotes were the door mat of competition in the six-small-school Pacific Northwest Intercollegiate Conference. Gate receipts at one basketball game in the 1,000-seat college gym had hit an all-time low of \$2.40.

Operating on the sound principle that everybody loves a winner, Sammy started to search for talent. With Eddie Cole, then athletic director of C of I and football coach, Sammy spread the word in California that he was interested in good players. Among the first to turn up was Santa Monica high school star R. (for Raleigh) C. Owens, a first-rate football player as well as a basketball star. Owens came in a contingent of athletically talented California youths which surprisingly slipped through the dragnet thrown out by the large Pacific Coast Conference colleges.

Actually, they had not escaped unnoticed. But in the case of Owens and several others their scholastic abilities were not quite comparable to their athletic powers, and there was some doubt whether they could meet the entrance requirements at the FCC schools.

The College of Idaho, however, was ready and willing to receive them. Less rigid in its entrance requirements, C of I would accept a student who had poor

grades even in courses such as typing, bookkeeping, business law and salesmanship. Owens along with his athletically inclined colleagues headed north.

At the College of Idaho, Owens, like other athletes, reportedly receives free tuition, books, \$35 a month for working in the gym. Owens got a job at the town swimming pool to carry him over the summer. He has two private tutors to support him through any academic difficulties—even C of I athletes can flunk out.

For value received Owens gives C of I ample return. As a football player last year he earned the position of end on the Little All-America team and his basketball play is only slightly less impressive.

MORE RECRUITS

This year Sammy's system really began to pay off. Two more sensational recruits, Elgin Baylor and Gary Mays of Washington, D.C., joined the basketball team. Baylor, a 6-foot 6-inch schoolboy flash at Springarn Tech, averaged 34 points a game. Mays, known as "The Bandit" because he lost an arm in a childhood accident, captained the Armstrong Tech team, made Washington's All-Metropolitan squad, caught for the baseball team, ties his shoes and shoots a fine game of pool—"Course I use a bridge," Mays (no kin to Willie) qualifies.

Burdened by personal problems or after-school work, both Baylor and Mays had marks that were well below the average of their high school classes. When a friend of Sammy's alerted them to the call of the West they eagerly enrolled at the College of Idaho. With the change in locale, Baylor turned into something of an academic whiz as well as a basketball star as he brought in a string of B's in his first semester at Caldwell.

And what does the formula do for the college? The Coyotes just ended their Pacific Northwest Conference games this year with a 15-6 record, and they had to turn customers away at the Caldwell gym. At the College of Idaho everybody wins.

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WILDERNESS

To win a Gold Button, big-game hunters from many states rendezvous, like trappers of the Old West, in a man-made north woods in a New York suburb. There they compete in a tourney which would test the talents of a Wyoming guide

AN HOUR from the heart of New York City lies a patch of forest primeval in a corner of swank Westchester County. Log cabins perch above the shores of a hemlock-girdled trout lake; the white flags of deer hob over long rock ridges while foxes and raccoons prowls unmolested. The woody retreat, near the Taconic Parkway leading north, seems a thousand miles from civilization.

It is the rendezvous for a distinguished group of outdoorsmen known as the Camp Fire Club of America, whose 50-year roster has included such celebrated names as Teddy Roosevelt, Carl Akeley, Ernest Thompson Seton, Buffalo Bill, Dan Beard, Rex Beach and Author Zane Grey. Its 350

members, primarily big-game hunters, have bagged the rarest trophies known to man, including the fabulous Oris poffi of the Pamirs and Giant Sable Antelope of Angola.

Twice a year a hundred members convene there for a four-day outing to compete in 21 events involving skill with shotgun, pistol, rifle, fly-rod, bait-rod, campercraft and canoe. Since there might be among the contenders a world's champion Wimbledon rifle shot, three former All-American skeet stars, and an early Olympic pistol champion, competition is usually very keen.

Men from all walks of life, brought together by a common love for gun and game, work like beavers to try to win

the necessary 100 points for a little badge called the Gold Button. It is no easy task. Minimum qualifying scores, worth three points, require a high degree of proficiency. A man who is skilled with a rifle may not be able to shoot a handgun well enough to ever qualify on that discouraging range, where the Grouse, 50-yard Bullseye and Skirmish events have stymied many a contender. Even if he managed to qualify in all, he'd still have only 63 points. First place in an event would earn eight points and second place five, but such plums are usually plucked by a handful of experts. Fly Casting Distance is won generally by fishermen who specialize on salmon while revolver honors are often taken by a member of the club's pistol team which shoots regularly with the State Troopers, Parkway Police and FBI.

A record-round perfect score fired with shotgun, pistol or rifle would earn 20 extra points, but few are capable of flawless accuracy under pressure, nor can they hope to run the rigorous Standing Canoe race at the pace demanded for Special Time. Many garner the bonus points at Campercraft, where they are issued a log, a match, and an axe to race against a stopwatch and cook an edible pancake or boil a quart of water to a roll at incredible speed.

A top prize, the Gold Bar, is won by the man who manages to earn the greatest number of points at a single meet, the all-time record being 248. While the outing affords fun and companionship, it was basically planned to put Camp Fire Club's restless outdoorsmen in shape for angling, wild-fowling and big-game jaunts from Nome to Nairobi.



CLAY BIRD CLUB facing the skeet field is the hub of five of the toughest shotgun ranges east of the Rockies. Targets are speedy, and woody background can be confusing.

IN WESTCHESTER

RUSSELL B. AITKEN

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY GENE FYLE



A CHEEKY FAWN, unimintimidated by big-game hunters, advances to investigate a couple of exhausted contestants who have

just completed the grueling Paddle and Portage event on Camp Fire Lake. The animal, part of a herd, has 245 acres of playground.

continued on next page

CAMP FIRE CLUB *continued*



RUSS AITKEN powders a clay pigeon on the Tower range. In 14 outings he has taken the over-all shotgun trophy 14 times.



LLOYD BROWN clocks two contestants in their water-bolt. Including chopping, the record time is 4 minutes, 37 seconds.

IN FLY-ROD ACCURACY CONTEST, TWO CASTS ARE MADE AT EACH OF FIVE FLOATING RINGS, USUALLY UNDER WINDY CONDITIONS





FEW MEMBERS ARE ABLE TO QUALIFY ON THE SIMULTANEOUS DOUBLES OF THE ELUSIVE AND DIFFICULT WALK-UP QUAIL RANGE



FRANK SCHUMANN, shown in a try for bait-casting distance, sports a popular type of fisherman's hat.



THEODORE LANG, dentist from Fifth Avenue and crack pistol shot, spots practice shots before running his record round on the skirmish course.

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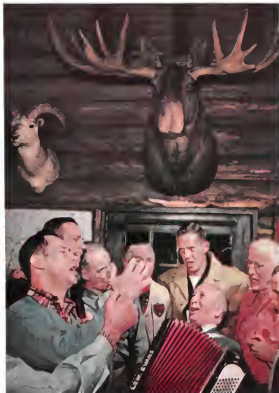
CAMP FIRE CLUB *continued*



CHARLIE GULDNER, a Gold Button Man, elects to do the Old Man's Canoe event as he requalifies to earn a gold Sheephead badge.



THREE BIG GUNS help judge an event. Gravel Fitz (left) is a specialist on North American big game, while James L. Clark (center) has led museum-sponsored expeditions to Asia. Russ Aitken, holder of nine Gobi Burs, is an authority on Africa.



UNDER A MOOSEHEAD at the Big Cabin, club members relax in the evening and harmonize in the song everybody knows: Alosette.



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SKIING

WHO'S SCHATZI?

California's best beloved skier, that's who

by WOLFGANG LERT



ON the ski slopes of southern California and related areas, Mrs. Elizabeth Wood, more generally and affectionately known as Schatzi, has been building a reputation for nearly 20 years as a 5-foot 1-inch bundle of concentrated enthusiasm for skiing. Sometimes her passion for the sport becomes so violent that it blots out vital essentials—as on the day when she rushed up to a group of ski friends taking a breather between runs at southern California's Blue Ridge ski area, reproached them in ringing South German accents for their momentary idleness and proceeded to set them an example by scooting over to the tow and grabbing the rope. Next moment, she landed on her head 20 feet up the hill. She had forgotten to put on her skis.

SHE BELONGS IN THE MOUNTAINS

Usually, however, Mrs. Wood's eagerness is tempered with more efficiency. Unlike the majority of skiers today, she enjoys skiing off the beaten track, in deep or difficult snow. And not only can she take care of herself on all kinds of slopes and in all kinds of weather; as one of America's first National Ski Patrol women she has helped hundreds of others out of trouble. The work which she has put into all phases of skiing to make it better and safer for more

people have made Schatzi known and loved in ski areas all over the West.

Mrs. Wood looks as if she belongs in the mountains. Like many good skiers, she is built solidly and close to the ground. The characteristic white squint lines of the mountaineer radiate from her lively brown eyes into a strong and open face, seamed by wind and weather and tanned by the snow-reflected sun to a shiny hazelnut brown. A tangle of curls tops it off—silver-gray curls, for although Schatzi can outclimb and outski most of her companions, she will soon be 58 years old.

All of this was learned at an age when many women skiers regretfully consider putting away the boards for good. When Schatzi came to this country in 1920, as governess to the children of the Miller family of Milwaukee beer-brewing fame, she was no skier at all. But she was a fair ice skater, and it was at a skating rink in Hollywood, a few years later, that she met her future husband, a Swiss skater, skier, boboleader and all-round sportsman named Ernest Wood. He had come to the United States from the French-speaking section of Switzerland. In the early 1930s, a few years after he and Schatzi—the German term for "sweetheart"—and his personal nickname for his bride—had ice-waltzed to the altar,

he began to take her along to his ski jumping meets at Big Pine, 80 miles from Los Angeles. Soon his young wife joined him on the slopes on a pair of pine skis. Her technique consisted of a straight schuss, usually terminated by an abrupt *Sitzwerk*—a skier's euphemism for just sitting down—or a somersault. Only in 1937, when Hans Georg came from Switzerland and started to teach skiing at Mammoth Mountain in the High Sierra, did Mrs. Wood learn modern ski technique.

It was at about this time that the National Ski Patrol System came into being, and Schatzi was one of the very first to join. Since first aid for skiing was as yet an undeveloped field, she enrolled in a first aid class for policemen. It was a tough and demanding course, just right for those hard early days of Ski Patrol work without adequate equipment and without ski lifts. By now, Schatzi can look back on 15 years of service with the NSPS; and today, as section chief at Big Pine, she supervises the three ski areas of Blue Ridge, Holiday Hill and Table Mountain.

Nor did her patrol work stop during the war. She mapped every foot of terrain in her area and earned extra merit stars in several exhausting searches for crashed planes. On top of that, she set up her own private morale-raising project. Friends and acquaintances were begged, wheedled and conned out of coupons for butter and sugar, and the Wood homestead was converted into a bakery from which hundreds of tins of Schatzi's famous cookies, accompanied by letters with the latest ski gossip, went out to fighting men in all parts of the world.

After the war, with the sudden spurt in the popularity of skiing, Schatzi worked for a number of years at Van Degrift's, southern California's first real ski shop. Her long experience, combined with her convincing accent and appearance, helped her to start out many a new skier with the right equipment and the best of advice.

It's more than likely that the ski slopes of the Far West will have Schatzi Wood around for a long, long time. A few years ago at Wengen, in Switzerland, she and her husband met a confirmed skier who turned out to be 80 years old. That's Schatzi's idea of a good, ripe skiing age—and she plans to continue her Ski Patrol activities too. "It's lots of work sometimes," she says, remembering the time she sweated a 240-pound wounded schussboomer down a mountain trail. "But inside it makes you happy." **(END)**



SNOW PATROL

NS=new snow; PO=powder; PP=packed powder; HP=hard-packed snow; HB=hard base; GR=granular; PG=frozen granular; CO=corn snow; IC=breakable crust; UC=unbreakable crust; W=wet; IC=icy condition; BS=bare spots; DC=dangerous condition; CL=trail or slope closed.

NUMERALS REPRESENT INCHES OF SNOW



A late roundup of snow conditions in America from a picked group of local skiers

COMPILED BY BILL WALLACE

For West resorts welcomed a heavy snowstorm early this week. More snow could improve conditions in many Eastern and Midwest areas

NEW ENGLAND: NORTH CONWAY, N.H.: F-4 surface on 10 15 HB. Total for winter is three feet before storm, but cold weather has held snow and made for a successful season. Ski school attendance record broken twice last week.

JACKSON, N.H.: Black Mt. has 1 PO on 4-15 base, with skiing fair to good.

FRANKLIN, N.H.: 6 NS will restore Cannon Mt. to top stage, following rain damage. Surface is 1 PO, base 4-5 FG with some BS.

BUT MOUNTAIN, VT.: 7 30 FG, with NS needed. Ladies' race is spring skiing in Bermuda school. Eastern women's championships March 5-6.

PITTS PEAK, VT.: 2 PO on 30 base, conditions poor. Plus has had 50 skiing days to date, an all-time record for the area.

STOWE, VT.: 2 PO on 22 42 FG, fair to good. Weekend wedding lines ran 15 minutes and up.

MADE RIVER GLACIER, VT.: 2 NS on 30 60, and more NS would be nice. National intercollegiate

championships held here and at Northfield, Vt. on March 4-6.

BERKSHIRE MTS.: Recent rain and thaw hurt all areas. NS needed to re-open Jimmy Peak. Otis Ridge, Catskills, N.Y.

NEW YORK: TUGA: Area starts fourth month of skiing with 25 HB.

WHITEFACE MTS.: Lower level has 12 FG with a few icy spots; skiing fair to good.

BELLELAKE: 1-12 FG with W surfaces. Sking is poor, with 3-4 NS needed, but the solid base is still intact.

QUEBEC: LAKE BEAUFORT: 1 fluffy PO on 44 PF, recent temps. 10°-25°. Sking good.

MT. TREMBLANT: Mild temperatures cut the base to 35-56, more than enough for continued free skiing. Canadian Kandahar race March 5.

PENNSYLVANIA: LONGMEER: Rain and high temperatures ripped snow cover and caused BS.

MIDWEST: Mt. Mansfield, Vt.: 6 HB, with 3 NS needed for ideal conditions. Watch for IC on upper slopes.

YERBY PEAK, S. DAK.: Recurring light snow-

fall keeps PO on 35-40 base. Keeps skiers smiling, too.

SHULTZ VALLEY, WIS.: 1 GR on 8-12 HB. 2-4 NS would create magnificent conditions. Initial season here has been very successful.

POYNE MT., MICH.: 2 NS on 2-14 HB, with icy spots. Mild temperatures prevail.

HOCKY MTS., ALTA, UTAH: 24 fluffy PO atop 30 HB base, and the sking is the greatest. Forest Service eliminating any avalanche danger with 15 mm. cannon shots.

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO: 3-15 PO on 12 31 PF base. Up to 10 NS was welcome. Current Learn-to-Ski week has largest enrollment of winter. Sking excellent.

SANTEE PEAK, N. MEX.: 1 PO on maximum 45 HB. Powder skiers have produced some of the winter's best skiing.

ASPEN, CO.: 4-5 NS on 20-60 base; sking good. Lines for lifts running 15 minutes.

WENTWORTH, CO.: 4 PP on 26-35 HB, with the lower Hughes trail the best bet.

BANFF, ALTA.: 3 PP on 40 HB base; sking best of season but still far from ideal.

NORTHWEST: CROSBY MTS., B.C.: Sking is 100% perfect, with Blueberry Bowl and Skyline the best. 7 PO on 70 95 HB, with recent temps. 18°-27°.

MT. BAKER, WASH.: Lucky locals claiming "a cold's finest sking" now, with 26 light, dry PO on 119 HB base. Temp. range, 4°-15°.

MT. ROOSEVELT, WASH.: Lucky locals claiming "a cold's finest sking" now, with 26 light, dry PO on 119 HB base. Temp. range, 4°-15°.

MT. ROOSEVELT, WASH.: Lucky locals claiming "a cold's finest sking" now, with 26 light, dry PO on 119 HB base. Temp. range, 4°-15°.

STEVENS PASS, WASH.: Trains of NS on 103 total. Sking is good, but waiting time for lifts has run up to 35 minutes. Auto chairs required.

FAR WEST: MT. BALDY, CALIF.: Long-awaited NS arrived at last in quantity. Totals now 12 32 on 100 base, with skiing good to better.

SQUAW VALLEY, CALIF.: Heavy storm last weekend brought in 12 24 NS on 36-72 HB.

YONKERS, CALIF.: PG on 30 total at Badger Pass, with skiing superb.

RENO, NEV.: Area needed NS and got it when over 36 new PO fell on 25-55 base. Latest snowfall promises pickup through Easter.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other unreliable sources

KEY TO SYMBOLS

FG=fishing good; FF=fishing fair;
WP=fishing poor; OG=outlook
good; OQ=outlook poor.

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

BOHESSA, FLORIDA: 7- to 11-pounders were being taken in North Cut (near Miami) last week and should still be there.

BAHAMAS: Best boat-fish areas now are Andros Island and Green Turtle Cay; both producing fish to 7 pounds on spin lures and flies; OG.

BLACK BASS: FLORIDA: Three Tampa anglers took limits (8) to 8 pounds from Withlacoochee River last week using 4-to-6-inch live eels with bushhook, weight 3 inches above bait. Many limit catches reported from Homosassa River, with live bait best. North end of Lake Tarpon (20 miles NW of Tampa) yielded 12½-pound bigmouth on live shiner last week. Kissimmee River (east of Lake Wales) reports big bass on rampage. Manatee-protected sand ponds on Washington County line are good bets for limit-size bass in 3-to-4-pound class; try Gap Pond (east of Wausau) and Hicks and Lucas ponds (east of Vernon) with shiners fished deep. Schooling bass in Lake Talquin are hitting plugs, spoons, spinning and fly-rod lures with

impartial enthusiasm, and OG through this week. In central Florida, Lake Hatchie (NE of Lake Wales) was hot last week. In lower Florida, Tamiami and side canals continue to give phenomenally fast action (two Minnappas using surface lures took and released 11 bass in one day last week; and OG through March).

MISSISSIPPI: Lake of the Ozarks (Ninnesha region) is at normal level but murky; OG; OK at Gravois Creek area where water is clearing.

CALIFORNIA: Sloughs off lower Colorado River from Palo Verde to Parker Dam should produce well this week; try live bait or medium-deep plugs. Mend, Mohave and Havas lakes still sporty but end of cold and winds should start him on his spree.

LOUISIANA: Stranger walked into the Sports Mart in Lake Charles last week and asked for a couple of plugs. "What kind?" said Max McFatter. "Don't matter," said the stranger. "Then cranky bass in Willow Lake are hitting anything and everything." And if you're at the other side of Louisiana, near Mississippi line, try the small bayous off Little Lake, down the Rigolets, with live shrimp bait. In the interim, plug and fly casters are getting good action in Chibout Bayou, and OG.

STINED BASS: CALIFORNIA: End of steelhead season (Feb. 28th) freed army of San Francisco anglers for campaign against striped; many limits of medium-size fish taken in Delta, Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, and OG.

PACIFIC SALMON: BRITISH COLUMBIA: Young silvers are still running fast in Saanichton Inlet, Oak Bay and other south Vancouver Island spots; spring salmon continue to be brawny, bright and abundant, with most in 16-to-20-pound size, but some to 20, PG at Horseshoe Bay with heeling plug or strip, and OG.

CALIFORNIA: As winds let up, a fleet of trawlers went to work off Side Ranch near Sausalito and

almost all got two or three fish from 5 to 14 pounds; OG.

SALFISH: FLORIDA: FG from Palm Beach through Florida Keys; S.V.R. Spaulding of Buffalo took Miami tournament bait with 75-pound hooked off Alligator Reef.

MEXICO: FF at Acapulco with charter boats averaging slightly better than one snailish daily; blue water is close inshore but cold.

WHAFTERS: MINNESOTA: Trout are showing in fast numbers around islands off Hiles and in Bay of Blount; OG and improving.

TELAS: Night fishermen are taking many good catches of weakies in Aransas Pass and Rockport Basin; OG through March.

FLORIDA: On west coast, best bet is Gulf flats off Astoria. River and Okefenokee (between Clearwater and Tarpon Springs) with live shrimp or nylon jigs getting results.

WANDU: FLORIDA: Ed Glusko and Earl Kreiser, mates on deep-sea party boat *Afina Jolly* out of Johns Pass, caught a 48½-pound wahoo last week. They saw the fish in shallow water near the dock and jumped in and caught it with hands and feet, lugged it ashore. "Very strong men," said some. "Very sick fish," said others.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

1-Bed De Wels, Herald Tribune 2-Best N. John Eng Head 3-1975 4-5-Danewald by James Carney 6-Walter Carney 12-James Carney 14-Bob Schmitt-Herald 15-B. F. Men-Herald 21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-123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COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

March 4 through March 13

FRIDAY, MARCH 4

Basketball

Pacific Coast Conf. play-off. Corvallis, Ore. (Professional)
Boston vs. Minneapolis; Rochester vs. New York, Boston.
Milwaukee vs. Syracuse, Milwaukee.

Boxing

● Chico Vejar vs. Billy Graham, welterweights.
● Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Skiing

NCAA championships begin Northfield, Vt. Natl. Jr. 4-event championships. Whitehall, Mont.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Kentucky vs. Tennessee, Lexington, Ky.
Marquette vs. Notre Dame, Milwaukee.
● Michigan vs. Michigan State, Ann Arbor, Mich., 3 p.m. (CBS)
Minnesota vs. Wisconsin, Minneapolis.
Utah vs. Denver, Salt Lake City.

(Professional)

Philadelphia vs. Boston, Philadelphia
● Rochester vs. Minneapolis, Rochester, N.Y., 3 p.m. (NBC)

Boxing

Sagar Ray Robinson vs. George Small, middleweights, Boston Garden (10 rds.).

Hockey

Detroit vs. New York, Detroit.
Montreal vs. Chicago, Montreal.
Toronto vs. Boston, Toronto.

Horse Racing

San Juan Capistrano Handicap, \$100,000, 1 3/4 m. (Turf), 3-yr.-olds up. Santa Anita Pl., Calif.

Track

● Knights of Columbus meet, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y., (Mutual, 8:30 p.m.—local blackout).

SUNDAY, MARCH 6

Basketball

Boston vs. Ft. Wayne, Boston.
Minneapolis vs. Milwaukee, Minneapolis.
New York vs. Rochester, New York.
Syracuse vs. Philadelphia, Syracuse, N.Y.

Hockey

Boston vs. Toronto, Boston.
Chicago vs. Montreal, Chicago.
New York vs. Detroit, New York.

MONDAY, MARCH 7

Basketball

NBA tournament begins, Kansas City. (Professional)
Ft. Wayne vs. Boston, Minneapolis vs. New York, Boston.

Boxing

● Joe Meek vs. Gil Turner, welterweights, Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, N.Y. (30 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC local blackout)
● Bonnie Delaney vs. Al Wilson, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (De Mont).

TUESDAY, MARCH 8

Basketball

● NCAA tournament, first round at Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (Mutual, 9:15 p.m.—local blackout) and Lexington, Ky. Western states to be determined (Professional)
New York vs. Rochester, Boston vs. Philadelphia, White Plains, N.Y.

Track & Field

U.S. Pan American team vs. Texas All-Stars, Houston, Tex.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9

Basketball

Philadelphia vs. Minneapolis, Philadelphia.
Rochester vs. Syracuse, Rochester, N.Y.

Boxing

● Chambers Singleton vs. Raton Macias, bantamweights, San Francisco (12 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS).

THURSDAY, MARCH 10

Basketball

Major league exhibition season opens, Florida and Arizona.

Basketball

Ft. Wayne vs. Philadelphia, Columbus, Ind.
● Minneapolis vs. Syracuse; New York vs. Boston, New York (Mutual, 9:15 p.m.—local blackout)

Golf

Titleholders women's tournament, Augusta, Ga.

Hockey

NCAA tournament begins, Colorado Springs, Colo. (Professional)
Boston vs. Chicago, Boston.
Montreal vs. Toronto, Montreal.

FRIDAY, MARCH 11

Basketball

NCAA regionals—Eastern: Philadelphia and Evansston, 10. Western: Manhattan, Man. and Corvallis, Ore. Quarterfinal games March 12. (Professional)
Boston vs. New York, New Haven, Conn.

Boxing

● Frankie Hyll vs. Danny Jo Perez, lightweights.
● Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

SATURDAY, MARCH 12

Basketball

● Natl. Invitation Tournament begins, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (Mutual, 8:30 p.m.—local blackout). (Professional)

● Harlem Globetrotters vs. Washington Generals, Great Lakes, Ill., 3 p.m. (CBS).
Minneapolis vs. Philadelphia, Minneapolis.
Rochester vs. Boston, Rochester, N.Y.
● Syracuse vs. Ft. Wayne, Syracuse, N.Y., 3 p.m. (NBC).

Boxing

Carl (Goat) Olson vs. Willie Vaughn, middleweights (middle), Hollywood (30 rds.).

Hockey

Detroit vs. Chicago, Detroit.
Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal.
Toronto vs. New York, Toronto.

Pan American Games

Opening of two-week competition, Mexico City.

Skiing

Natl. downhill, slalom and combined, Man's; Franciosa, N.H. Women's: North Conway, N.H.

Track

Milwaukee Journal Games, Milwaukee.

SUNDAY, MARCH 13

Auto Racing

12-hr. Sports Car Grand Prix, Sebring, Fla.

Basketball

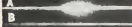
Boston vs. New York, Boston.
Syracuse vs. Milwaukee, Syracuse, N.Y.

Hockey

Boston vs. Montreal, Boston.
Detroit vs. Toronto, Detroit.
New York vs. Chicago, New York.

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RECORD BREAKERS

● Jack Wardrop of Michigan set world record for 220-yard free-style, covered distance in 2:03.9 in dual meet at Ann Arbor. ● Gilbert Boson, French Olympic swimmer, swam 100-meter backstroke in 1:02.1 for world mark, 25-meter course, at Troyes, France. ● Dick Hamer of Wake Forest scored 29 points against Clemson, broke major college career scoring record with 2,339 points, at Clemson, S.C. ● Robert Derrick of Oklahoma cracked U.S. indoor mark for 60-yard low hurdles,

in 0:06.7, not once but twice, in Big Seven meet at Kansas City. ● Kerry Donovan, Hendrik Gideonse, Rex Aubrey and Dave Armstrong of Yale cracked intercollegiate 400-yard free-style relay record, clocked 3:20.5 in dual meet at New Haven, Conn. ● Waanda Wenzar, of Bethesda, Md., set U.S. women's long course mark of 2:29.5 for 220-yard free-style; Coralie O'Connor of Lafayette, Ind., set U.S. women's long course mark of 1:17.1 for 110-yard backstroke; Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

BASKETBALL

Marquette, ranked No. 4 in AP poll, outgunned Notre Dame 84-74 on Bob Walczak's 27 points, beat Valparaiso 81-68 for 22nd straight win, longest in nation.

Minnesota slipped by Wisconsin 71-69 when Chuck Menzel scored with four seconds left, but Iowa tied Gophers for Big 10 lead, beat Illinois 89-70, Michigan 96-84.

Duquesne downed Cincinnati 66-60, but dropped to No. 8 spot when Dayton conquered Duquesne for second time this season, 67-53.

Princeton made 11th-hour bid for Ivy League title, trounced Yale 92-54, edged Cornell 65-62 as Columbia upset league-leading Penn 80-82.

La Salle ended season with 64-49 triumph over Fordham, 39-37 squeaker over Temple, was named to NCAA tourney. Explorers, who were NCAA title last year, now move into sixth straight national postseason tournament.

North Carolina State clinched No. 1 position in Atlantic Coast Conference by whipping North Carolina 79-75, wound up regular season with 23-4 mark by beating George Washington 68-58.

Kentucky, paced by Bob Burrow's 31 points, overhauled Vanderbilt 77-59, walloped Auburn 93-59, remained tied with Alabama for Southeastern Conference lead.

Southern Methodist moved into Texas Christian for Southwest Conference lead by beating Arkansas 83-68, Rice 86-82. Baylor upset TCU 79-68 on great outsmoking of Jerry Mallett.

Tulsa's Bob Patterson looped in 28 points for 69-59 win over Houston, tied in 39 for 76-62 victory over St. Louis, put Golden Hurricane half-game out in front in Missouri Valley race.

Coloade stretched Big 7 lead to fall game by beating Kansas 90-69, edging Kansas State 63-60.

Utah whipped Wyoming 75-57, downed defending champion Colorado A&M 66-51 to take first Skyline Conference title, nailed down NCAA spot.

UCLA swept pair from USC 66-65 and 75-55, got set to meet Oregon State in best-of-three for NCAA tourney spot.

San Francisco, nation's No. 1 ranked team, racked up 19th straight by trouncing San Jose State 64-49.

Seattle, Memphis State, Williams, Miami (Ohio) landed NCAA tourney berths. Connecticut, Lafayette picked for NIT.

Boston Celtics passed picking N.Y. Knicks over Los Angeles 82-57, held half game grip on second place in Eastern Division of NBA.

Minnesota's Lakers whipped Rochester 93-84, clinched second in Western Division.

BOXING

Sandy Saddler, elbowing 28-year-old featherweight champion, made first defense in three and a half years, bullied way into early lead, then coasted to lopsided win over back-peddling Teddy (Red Top) Davis in bout marred by roughhouse tactics at New York's Madison Square Garden. Afterward Saddler said he would like to challenge Jimmy Carter for lightweight title. Gaspard Davis, pressing ice bag to swollen face: "He never hurt me."

Hector Constance, 24-year-old Trinidadian, used hard right uppercuts, pistonlike left to snare hard-fought upset 10-round decision over Kid Gavilan, ex-welterweight king, at Miami Beach.

Rocky Marciano, unbeaten heavyweight champion, signed against England's pudgy Don Cockell, will put title on line at San Francisco sometime during week of May 16-20. Bobby Gleason, manager of Niso Valdes, No. 1 contender, said he was "disgusted," filed protest with National Boxing Association.

TENNIS

Tony Trabert of Cincinnati dropped 24-game opening set but bounced back to beat Hans Richardson of Baton Rouge 11-13, 7-5, 9-7, 6-3, for national indoor tennis title at New York. Trabert then teamed up with Vic Seixas of Philadelphia to whip Richardson and Billy Talbert for doubles title in all-Davis Cuppers match. Philip Hanna defeated Herman Newfield, fellow New Yorker, 6-0, 6-1, for senior championship. Eddie Jacobs and C. A. Smith of Baltimore took senior doubles from Hanna and Arthur Fersham, 10-8, 6-3.

Jarek Drobny of Egypt defeated Rudy Patey of Los Angeles 7-6, 6-2, 13-11, 6-2 to win international tournament at San Remo, Italy. Earlier in week, Patty and

Drobny toiled four hours, battled for 190 games, called it tie after reaching exhaustion in final of indoor tourney at Lyon, France.

TRACK AND FIELD

Terri Burton of Miami of Ohio skimmed over 70-yard low hurdles in 0:07.8, tied U.S. indoor mark; Abe Butler of Baldwin-Wallace equaled U.S. indoor 60-yard dash record of 0:06.1; Fred Wia of New York A.C. captured two-mile run in 9:06.2; at University of Chicago invitation meet.

Manhattan piled up 27 points, out-scored 42 other colleges, won ICAA team title at New York's Madison Square Garden. Bob Miller, Les Viehlig, Steve Armstrong, Don Shupe of Syracuse broke oldest ICAA mark by reeling off 7:40.9 clocking in trial heat of two-mile relay, returned to board to win event in 7:49.1. Other winners: Almie Sowell, Pitt, 1,000-yard run, 2:14.7; Allen Brockbridge, Villanova, mile, 4:19.9; Charley Jenkins, Villanova, 800-yard run, 1:31.2; Johnny Haines, Penn., 60-yard dash, 0:06.3; Charley Pratt, Manhattan, 60-yard high hurdles, 0:07.4; Don Bragg, Villanova, Dave Seed, California, pole vault tie, 14 feet, 3 inches.

HORSE RACING

Belair Stud's Nashua, 7-10 favorite to win \$141,800 Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah Park, Fla., Jockey Eddie Arreola up, fought off Saratoga's stretch bid, finished 1½ lengths in front in mile-and-eighth race.

Poona II, Irish-bred choice in \$140,300 Santa Anita Handicap, got superb ride from Jockey Willie Shoemaker in mile-and-quarter race, won by 2½ lengths, at Arcadia, Calif.

GOLF

Mike Souchak of Durham, N.C. fired last round seven-under-par 65 for 15-under par total of 278, won top money in \$30,000 open at Houston. Jerry Barber of Los Angeles was runner-up with 275.

Betty Jameson of San Antonio mixed spectacular chip shots, steady putts, shot 285 for 72 holes, won women's open at Saratoga, Fla. Exulted Betty: "Isn't this thrilling?"

ROBBLEDDING

U.S. Olympic Bobbed Committee selected 15-man squad for 1956 Olympics, including Arthur Tyler, Edgar Seymour of Rochester, N.Y., Wightman Washburn of Keene Valley, N.Y. Notable pick was Stan Benham of Lake Placid, N.Y., despite ban by International Bobbed Federation for walk-out on four-man world championship last year in Italy. Federation said it would bar U.S. from games if Benham selection holds.

continued on next page

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Verdict of the Associated Press editors' poll)
Team standings this week with points figured on a 10-5-3-2-1-1-1-1-1 basis (first-place votes in parentheses)

1-San Francisco (43)	888
2-Kentucky (35)	723
3-La Salle (9)	646
4-Marquette (8)	600
5-North Carolina State (5)	425
6-Minnesota (3)	389
7-Utah (4)	359
8-Duquesne	344
9-UCLA (5)	297
10-Dayton (8)	262

PROGRESSIVE: 11, Alabama (4); 12, 13, Iowa (3); 14, George Washington (3); 15, Oregon State (2); 16, Tulsa (1); 18.

body but a catcher. I don't need a catcher at that level." He put down the phone and his eyes twinkled. "Later in the day I may make a deal with Brooklyn," he said, "if I can get up the nerve." As things turned out, either he did not get up the nerve or he was unable to interest the Flatbush authorities.

He whirled around in his chair and stared out the window. He could see, if he was noticing, the end of a little street that runs down from Hotel Schenley to the ball park. It is called Pennant Place, a reminder of happier days for the Pittsburgh fans, now so ashamed of their eighth-place Pirates that only a few of them show up at the ball park—even for doubleheaders.

Rickey ran harsh hands furiously through his thick hair.

"A nann trained for the law," he

lighted cigars, but this day it was a cigarette.

He began to laugh.

"The law," he chuckled, "I might have stayed in the law. I do not laugh at the great profession itself. I am laughing at a case I had one time—the only case I ever had as a full-time practicing attorney. I had gone to Boise, Idaho from Saranac to try to gain back my strength after recovering from tuberculosis. I got an office and hung out a shingle and waited for the clients. None came. Finally, I was in court one day and the judge appointed me attorney for a man who was being held on a charge the newspapers used to describe as white slavery.

"I was apprehensive, but at last I summoned enough courage to go over to the jail and see my client. Oh, he was a horrible creature. I can see him now, walking slowly up to the bars and looking me up and down with

down again and then spat at my feet. Then he delivered what turned out to be the final words of our association. He said, 'Get the hell out of here!'"

Rickey threw back his head.

"I not only got out of there," he said, "I got out of the state of Idaho and went to St. Louis and took a job with the St. Louis Browns. I intended to stay in baseball for just one year. But when the year was up, Mr. Robert Lee Hedges, the owner, offered me a raise. There was a new baby at our house. And not much money, new or old. So I was a moral coward. I chose to stay with the game."

RICKEY FOR GOVERNOR

Rickey thought a moment.

"I might have gone into politics," he said. "As recently as 14 years ago, there was the offer of a nomination for a political office. A governorship. The governorship, in fact, of Missouri. I was tempted, flattered. But, then as I ventured a little into the political arena, I was appalled by my own ignorance of politics. But the party leaders were persuasive. They pledged me the full support of the regular party organization. They said they could not prevent any Billy Jumpup from filing, but no Billy Jumpup would have the organization's backing. It is an overwhelming thing to be offered such prospects of reaching high office. I thought it over carefully and then tentatively agreed to run, on condition that another man—a seasoned campaigner—run on the ticket with me. He said that was utterly impossible. He invited me to go with him to New York and talk to Mr. Herbert Hoover about the situation in Missouri. But afterward I still was unable to persuade my friend to run. He was Arthur Hyde, Secretary of Agriculture under Mr. Hoover. Later I learned to my sorrow the reason for Mr. Hyde's decision. He was even then mortally ill. So, regretfully, I asked that my name be withdrawn. The man who ran in my place was elected and then went on to the United States Senate.

"So, conceivably, I might have been a governor. Instead, I chose to stay with the game."

Rickey made elaborate gestures of straightening the papers on his desk.

"A life of public service," he said, peering over his glasses, "versus a life devoted to a game that boys play with a ball and bat."

He turned and picked up a baseball from a bookcase shelf.

"This ball," he said, holding it up.

continued on next page



DRAWINGS BY H. H. STONE

said, "devotes his entire life and all his energies to something so cosmically unimportant as a game."

He examined minutely what was left of his cigarette. Carefully, he extracted a single strand of tobacco and looked at it closely before letting it fall to the floor. Usually he chews un-

contempt. He terrified me. I began to shake like a leaf. After a minute he said, 'Who the hell are you?'"

"I tried to draw myself up a little and then I said, 'Sir, my name is Branch Rickey. The court has appointed me your attorney and I would like to talk to you.' He looked me up and

"This symbol. Is it worth a man's whole life?"

There was just time for another musing of the hair before the phone rang again.

"Pooh," said Rickey into the phone after a moment. "Three poohs. Pooh-hah." He hung up.

"I was listening last night to one of the television interview programs," he said. "Senator Knowland was being interrogated. It was a discussion on a high level and the questions involved matters affecting all of us and all the world. I was listening intently and then I heard the senator say, 'Well, I think the Administration has a pretty good batting average.'"

Rickey blew out his cheeks and plucked a shred of tobacco from his lips.

"It must have been a full minute later," he went on, "and the questions had gone on to other things when I sat straight up. Suddenly I realized that to answer a somewhat difficult question this United States senator had turned naturally to the language of the game. And this language, this phrase 'a pretty good batting average,' had said exactly what he wanted to say. He had not intended to be frivolous. The reporters did not smile as though he had made a joke. They accepted the answer in the language of the game as perfectly proper. It was instantly recognizable to them. I dare say it was recognizable even in London."

He frowned, thinking hard. Then his face lit up again.

"The game invades our language!" he exclaimed. "Now, the editorial page of the New York Times is a serious forum, not ordinarily given to levity. Yet at the height of the controversy between the Army and Senator McCarthy, there was the line on this dignified editorial page, 'Senator McCarthy—a good fast ball, but no control.'"

THE HAPPY POSTMEN

Rickey slapped his thigh and leaned over the desk.

"Now, didn't that tell the whole story in a sentence?"

He waved an arm, granting himself the point.

He cherished his remnant of a cigarette.

"A man was telling me the other day," he went on, "he said he was walking through Times Square in New York one blistering day last summer. The temperature stood at 100° and the humidity made it almost unbearable.

This man happened to fall in behind three postmen walking together. Their shirts were wringing wet and their mailbags were heavily laden. It struck this man that these postmen might well be irritable on such a day and, since he saw that they were talking animatedly, he drew closer so that he might hear what they were saying. He expected, of course, that they would be complaining bitterly of their dull drab jobs on this abominable day. But when he had come close enough to hear them, what were they talking about with such spirit and relish?"

He paused for effect, then with a toss of his head, he exploded:

"Leo Durocher and the New York Giants!"

Carefully, he put down his cigarette butt. Then he leaned back and rubbed his eyes with the back of his fists. He tore furiously at his hair and half swallowed a yawn.

"Mrs. Rickey and I," he said, "sat up until 2 o'clock this morning playing hearts."

He straightened the papers on his desk and said as an aside: "I contend it is the most scientific card game in the world."

He searched the ceiling for the point he was developing, found it and came down again.

"The three postmen, heavily laden on a hot, miserable day, yet able to find a happy, common ground in their discussion of this game of baseball. And in their free time, in their hours of leisure, if they had no other interest to turn to, still there was the game to bring color and excitement and good wholesome interest into their lives."

He took up the fragment of paper and tobacco that was left of the cigarette as though it were a precious jewel.

"Leisure," he said, sending his eyebrows aloft, "is a hazardous thing. Here in America we do not yet have a leisure class that knows what to do with it. Leisure can produce something fine. It may also produce something evil. Hell's fire! Leisure can produce a great symphony, a great painting, a great book."

He whirled around to the window and peered out at Pennant Place. Then, turning back like a pitcher who has just eased the situation at second base, he let go hard.

"Gee!" he cried. "Leisure can also produce a great dissipation! Leisure can be idleness and idleness can drive a man to his lowest!"

He recoiled, as from a low man standing at the side of his desk.

"Idleness is the worst thing in this

world. Idleness is doing nothing and thinking of wrong things to do. Idleness is the evil that lies behind the juvenile delinquency that alarms us all. It's the most damnable thing that can happen to a kid—to have nothing to do."

He put the tattered cigarette butt in his mouth and spoke around it.

"The game that gives challenge to our youth points the way to our salvation. The competitive spirit, that's the all-important thing. The stultifying thing in this country is the down-pressure on competition, the something-for-nothing philosophy, the do-as-little-as-you-can creed—these are the most devastating influences today. This thinking is the kind that undermines a man's character and can undermine the national character as well."

COBB AND WILLIE MAYS

He studied his shreds of cigarette with the deliberation of a diamond cutter.

"Labor and toil," he intoned, "by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread. Labor and toil—and something else. A joy in work, a zest. Zest, that is the word. Who are the great ballplayers of all time? The ones with zest. Ty Cobb. Willie Mays. The man down the hall, one of the very greatest, George Sisler. Dixie Dean. Pepper Martin. We have one coming back to us this year here at Pittsburgh. Dick Groat. He has it. Highly intelligent, another Lou Boudreau, the same kind of hitter. He has it. Zest."

Rickey smiled. "Dick Groat will be one of the great ones. There will be others this year. We have 110 boys coming out of service, 475 players under contract on all our clubs. A total of \$496,000 invested in player bonuses. There will be other good prospects for the Pirates among these boys. This hall elch of ours will come in time. No promises for this year, but in '56, I think, yes."

He turned to look down the street to Pennant Place, then added: "A contending team in '56—at least that."

(At the hairdressing shop in Hotel Schenley it is related that Rickey's defense of his eighth-place ball club is considerably less detailed. "Patience!" he cries, anticipating the hecklers as he enters the shop.)

The door opened and Harold Roettger, Rickey's assistant, entered the room. A round-faced, studious-looking man, Roettger has been with Rickey since the old St. Louis Cardinal days. He was in the grip of a heavy cold.

"Do you remember a boy named

Febbraro?" he asked, sniffing, "in the Provincial League?"

"Febbraro, Febbraro," said Rickey, frowning. "A pitcher. I saw him work in a night game."

"That's the boy," said Roettger, wiping his eyes. "He's been released."

"Aha," said Rickey, "yes, I remember the boy well. Shall we sign him?"

"We ought to talk about it," said Roettger, fighting a sneeze.

"Harold," said Rickey, "Richardson [Tommy Richardson, president of the Eastern League] is coming down for a meeting tomorrow. I wish you could be there. I devoutly wish you were not ill."

"I, too, devoutly wish I were not ill," said Roettger. "I'll go home now and maybe I'll be ready for the meeting."

"Please try not to be ill tomorrow," said Rickey. "I desperately need you at the meeting."

"I will try very hard," said Roettger, "and will you think about Febbraro?"

"I will," said Rickey. "Go home now, Harold, and take care of yourself."

(Later, Roettger recovered from his cold and signed Febbraro for Williamsport in the Eastern League.)

As Roettger left, Rickey searched for the thread of his soliloquy.

"Hornsby," he said suddenly. "Rogers Hornsby, a man with zest for the game. And Leo, of course."

"Leo Durocher has come a long way, off the field as well as on. A quick mind, a brilliant mind, an indomitable spirit. A rugged ballplayer—and I like rugged ballplayers. But when he came to St. Louis, Leo was in trouble. No fewer than 32 creditors were breathing down his neck, suing or threatening to sue. An impossible situation. I proposed that I go to his creditors and arrange for weekly payments on his debts. This meant a modest allowance of spending money for Leo himself. But he agreed."

"There were other matters to be straightened out. Leo's associates at the time were hardly desirable ones. But he was not the kind of man to take kindly to any criticism of his friends. I thought a lot about Leo's associations, but I didn't see what I could do about them."

"Then one day during the winter I received a call from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. The Academy needed a baseball coach and they asked if I could recommend a man. I said I thought I could and would let them know."

"I knew my man. But I didn't dare tell him right away. Instead, I called

his wife [Durocher was then married to Grace Dozier, a St. Louis fashion designer] and asked her to drop in at the office. When she arrived, I told her that I intended to recommend Leo as baseball coach at the Naval Academy.

"She looked at me a moment. Then she said, 'Would they take Leo?' I said they would if I recommended him.

He showed me a wrist watch the midshipmen had given him. He said, 'Mr. Rickey, I did it, I did it!'

"I said, 'You did half of it, Leo.'

"What do you mean, half?' he demanded.

"To be a complete success in this undertaking, Leo, you must be invited back. If they ask you back for next



Then I told her I proposed to get a copy of the Naval Academy manual. I said I knew that if I handed it to Leo myself, he was quite likely to throw it back in my face. But if she were to put it in his hands, he might agree to look it over. Mrs. Durocher thought again. Then she said, 'Get the manual.'

(Rickey has a habit of presenting ballplayers with what he considers to be worth-while reading. When Pee Wee Reese was made captain of the Dodgers, Rickey sent him Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe*.)

DUROCHER MAKES GOOD

"When I told Leo," Rickey continued, "he was stunned and unbelieving, then enormously but quietly pleased. I told him that I would arrange for him to report late for spring training. I made it clear that he was to decline any payment for his services. Treating softly, I mentioned that the boys he would be coaching were the finest our country had to offer. I suggested gently that any leader of such boys would, of course, have to be better perfect in his conduct. Leo didn't blow up. He just nodded his head."

"When he reported to spring training camp, he was bursting with pride,

season, then you may be sure you have done the job well."

Rickey smiled.

"They did invite him back," he said. "And this time the midshipmen gave him a silver service. He had done the job—the whole job—and I rather think that this experience was a big turning point for Leo. It lifted him into associations he had never known before and he came away with increased confidence and self-assurance and, I am quite sure, a greater measure of self-respect."

(Years later, just before Leo Durocher was suspended from baseball for a year by Commissioner A. B. Chandler, Rickey called his staff together in the Brooklyn Dodgers' offices to say of his manager: "Leo is down. But we are going to stick by Leo. We are going to stick by Leo until hell freezes over!" Today, in a manner of speaking, it is Rickey who is down—in eighth place—and Leo who is up, riding high as manager of the world champions.)

Rickey straightened his tie. He was wearing a four-in-hand. Ordinarily, he wears a bow tie, but once a month he puts on a four-in-hand as a gesture of neckwear independence.

continued on next page

"More than a half-century spent in the game," Rickey mused, "and now it is suggested that I give thought to some of the ideas and innovations with which I have been associated. The question arises, 'Which of these can be said to have contributed most to making baseball truly our national game?'"

"First, I should say, there was the mass production of ballplayers. The Cardinals were three years ahead of all the other clubs in establishing try-out camps. We looked at 4,000 boys a year. Then, of course, we had to have teams on which to place boys with varying degrees of ability and experience. That brought into being the farm system.

"There were other ideas not ordinarily remembered. With the St. Louis Browns, under Mr. Hedges, we originated the idea of Ladies Day, a very important step forward. Probably no other innovation did so much to give baseball respectability, as well as thousands of new fans.

"With the Cardinals, we developed the idea of the Knot Hole Gang. We were the first major league team to admit boys free to the ball park and again the idea was soon copied."

(In the beginning, boys joining the Cardinal Knot Hole Gang were required to sign a pledge to refrain from smoking and profanity—clearly the hand of Rickey.)

"These were ideas," Rickey went on, "and baseball was a vehicle in which such ideas might comfortably ride."

Rickey's eyes strayed to a framed motto hanging on the wall. It read: "He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool and he that dares not reason is a slave."

Rickey bent down and went rummaging through the lower drawers of his desk. In a moment he came up holding a slender book. The jacket read: "*Slaves and Citizens: the Negro in the Americas*. By Frank Tannenbaum."

"This book," said Rickey, "is by a Columbia University professor. Let me read now just the concluding paragraph. It says, 'Physical proximity, slow cultural intertwining, the growth of a middle group that stands in experience and equipment between the lower and upper class; and the slow process of moral identification work their way against all seemingly absolute systems of values and prejudices. Society is essentially dynamic, and while the mills of God grind slow, they grind exceedingly sure. Time will draw a veil over the white and black in this hemi-

sphere, and future generations will look back upon the record of strife as it stands revealed in the history of the people of this New World of ours with wonder and incredulity. For they will not understand the issues that the quarrel was about.'"

THE ROBINSON CASE

Rickey reached for a pencil, wrote on the flyleaf of the book and pushed it across the desk. He leaned back in his chair and thought a moment. Then he sat straight up.

"Some honors have been tendered," he said, "some honorary degrees offered because of my part in bringing Jackie Robinson into the major leagues."

He frowned and shook his head vigorously.

"No, no, no. I have declined them all. To accept honors, public applause for signing a superlative ballplayer to a contract? I would be ashamed!"

He turned to look out the window and turned back.

"Suppose," he demanded, "I hear that Billy Jones down the street has attained the age of 21. Suppose I go to Billy and say, 'You come with me to the polling place.' And then at the polling place I take Billy by the arm

and march up to the clerks and say, 'This is Billy Jones, native American, 21 years of age,' and I demand that he be given the right to cast a ballot!"

Rickey leaned over the desk, his eyes flashing.

"Would anyone but a lunatic expect to be applauded for that?"

It immediately became clear that although Rickey deprecated his right to applause, he had never minimized the difficulties of bringing the first Negro into organized baseball.

"I talked to sociologists," he said, "and to Negro leaders. With their counsel, I worked out what I considered to be the six essential points to be considered."

He started to count on his fingers. "Number one," he said, "the man we finally chose had to be right off the field. Off the field.

"Number two, he had to be right on the field. If he turned out to be a lemon, our efforts would fail for that reason alone.

"Number three, the reaction of his own race had to be right.

"Number four, the reaction of press and public had to be right.

"Number five, we had to have a place to put him.



"Sign it, you bum! \$25,000 is all you're worth!"

"Number six, the reaction of his fellow players had to be right."

"In Jackie Robinson, we found the man to take care of points one and two. He was eminently right off and on the field. We did not settle on Robinson until after we had invested \$25,000 in scouting for a man whose name we did not then know."

"Having found Robinson, we proceeded to point five. We had to have a place to put him. Luckily, in the Brooklyn organization, we had exactly the spot at Montreal where the racial issue would not be given undue emphasis."

"To take care of point three, the reaction of Robinson's own race, I went again to the Negro leaders. I explained that in order to give this boy his chance, there must be no demonstrations in his behalf, no excursions from one city to another, no presentations or testimonials. He was to be left alone to do this thing without any more hazards than were already present. For two years the men I talked to respected the reasoning behind my requests. My admiration for these men is limitless. In the best possible way, they saw to it that Jackie Robinson had his chance to make it on his own."

"Point four, the reaction of press and public, resolved itself in the course of things, and point six, the reaction of his fellow players, finally—if painfully—worked itself out."

Rickey reached across the desk and tapped the Tannenbaum book.

"Time," he said, "time."

He despaired of his cigarette now and tossed it into the wastebasket. His eyes moved around the room and he murmured half to himself: "We are not going to let anything spoil sports in this country. Some of the things I read about boxing worry me, but things that are wrong will be made right . . . in time."

He laughed.

"I don't think anyone is worried about wrestling. Isn't it a rather good-natured sort of entertainment?"

He chuckled a little more, then frowned again.

"I am asked about the minor leagues. The cry is heard, 'The minors are dying.' I don't think so. The minors are in trouble but new ways will be found to meet new situations and new problems. Up to now, I confess, the major leagues have been unable to implement any effort to protect the minor leagues from the encroachment of major league broadcasts."

(A baseball man once said that Branch Rickey is constitutionally unable to tell a falsehood. "However,"

this man said, "sometimes he pours over the facts of a given case such a torrent of eloquence that the truth is all but drowned.")

The door opened and Rickey jumped to his feet. His eyes lit up as he cried: "Mother!"

In the doorway stood Mrs. Rickey, carrying a box of paints the size of a brief case.

"Well, Mother?" cried Rickey, coming around from behind the desk. "How did it go? Did you get good marks?"

Mrs. Rickey, a small, smiling woman, stood looking at her husband. Childhood sweethearts in Ohio, they have been married for 49 years.

Rickey pointed dramatically to the paintbox.

"Mother has joined a painting class!" he exclaimed. "At 73 years of age, Mother has gone back to school! Well, Mother? Did you recite or what? Do they give marks? What is the teacher like?"

CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION

Mrs. Rickey walked to a chair and sat down. It was plain that she was accustomed to pursuing a policy of containment toward her husband.

"They don't give marks," she said quietly. "The teacher is very nice. He was telling us that painting opens up a whole new world. You see things and colors you never saw before."

Rickey was agnostic.

"Wonderful!" he cried. "Isn't that just wonderful! Mother, we must celebrate. I'll take you to lunch!"

"All right," said Mrs. Rickey. "Where will we go?"

"The Duquesne Club," said Rickey. "That'll be fine," said Mrs. Rickey.

(In sharply stratified Pittsburgh society, there are two standards by which to measure a man who stands at the very top: one is membership in the Duquesne Club, the other is a residence at Fox Chapel, the ultraexclusive Pittsburgh suburb. Rickey has both; the residence is an 18-room house set down on 100 acres.)

Rickey was the first to reach the sidewalk. He paced up and down waiting for Mrs. Rickey, flapping his arms against the cold, for he had forgotten to wear an overcoat that morning. Guido Roman, a tall, handsome Cuban who is Rickey's chauffeur, opened the car door.

"You want to get inside, Mr. Rickey?" he asked.

"No, Guido," said Rickey, blowing on his fingers. "I'm not cold."

A car drew up and stopped across

the street. A tall, muscular young man got out.

Rickey peered sharply and ducked his head. "A thousand dollars this lad is a ballplayer," he muttered out of the side of his mouth. "But who is he, who is he?"

The young man came directly to Rickey.

"Mr. Rickey, you don't remember me," he said. "My name is George—I"

"Sure, I remember you, George!" Rickey exploded, thrusting out his hand. "You're a first baseman, right?"

"Yes, sir," said George, blushing with pleasure.

"Go right in the office and make yourself at home, George," Rickey said, beaming. "There's another first baseman in there named George—George Sisler. Say hello to him!"

"Say, thanks, Mr. Rickey," George said, hurrying to the office door.

In a moment Mrs. Rickey came out and the ride downtown in Rickey's Lincoln began. As the car pulled away from the curb, Rickey, a notorious back-seat driver, began a series of barked directions: "Right here, Guido! Left at the next corner, Guido! Red light, Guido!"

Guido, smiling and unperturbed, drove smoothly along. As the car reached the downtown business district, Rickey, peering this way and that, shouted, "Slow down, Guido!"

Guido slowed down and then Rickey whispered hoarsely: "There it is, Mother! Look!"

"What?" smiled Mrs. Rickey.

"The largest lamp store in the world! Right there! I inquired about the best place to buy a lamp and I was told that this place is the largest in the whole wide world! Right there?"

"We only want a two-way bed lamp," said Mrs. Rickey.

"I know," said Rickey. "But there's the place to get it. You could go all over the world and not find a bigger lamp store. Right turn here, Guido!"

"One way, Mr. Rickey," said Guido, cheerfully.

That was the signal for a whole comedy of errors, with Rickey directing and traffic cops vetoing a series of attempts to penetrate one-way streets and to execute left turns. Rickey grew more excited, Mrs. Rickey more calm, Guido more desperate as the Duquesne Club loomed and faded as a seemingly unattainable goal.

"Judas Priest!" Rickey finally exclaimed. "It's a perfectly simple problem! We want to go to the Duquesne Club!"

continued on next page

"I know how!" Guido protested, "I know the way!"

"Then turn, man, turn!"

"Get out of here!" yelled a traffic cop.

"For crying out loud!" roared Ricky. "Let's get out and walk."

"I'm not going to walk," said Mrs. Ricky, mildly. "We have a car. Let Guido go his way."

"Oh, all right," Ricky pouted. "But you'd think I'd never been downtown before!"

In a moment the car pulled up at the Duquesne Club and the Rickets, serene again, jumped out and helped Mrs. Ricky from the car.

"Take the car home, Guido," he said pleasantly. "We'll call you later."

"Yes, Mr. Ricky," said Guido, mopping his brow.

A group of women came out of the Duquesne Club as the Rickets entered. The women nodded and smiled at Mrs. Ricky. Raising his hat, Ricky bowed low, then crouched to whisper hoarsely behind his hand:

"Classmates of yours, Mother?"

He stamped his foot and slapped his thigh, choking with laughter.

"One of them is in the painting class," said Mrs. Ricky placidly. "The others are in the garden club."

At the luncheon table on the second floor, Ricky ordered whitefish for Mrs. Ricky and roast beef for himself. There were no cocktails, of course; Ricky is a teetotaler.

"I shudder to think what might have happened if Branch had taken up drinking," a former associate has said. "He does nothing in moderation and I can see him facing a bottle of whiskey and shouting: 'Men, we're going to hit that bottle and hit it hard!'"

THE GREATEST PITCHERS

The luncheon order given, Ricky excused himself and made a brief telephone call at the headwaiter's desk. Returning to the table, he sat down and began to speak of pitchers.

"The greatest pitchers I have ever seen," he said, "were Christy Mathewson and Jerome Dean."

(Ricky likes to address a man by his proper given name. He is especially fond of referring to Dixie Dean as "Jerome.")

"Mathewson," Ricky continued, "could throw every pitch in the book. But he was economical. If he saw that he could win a game with three kinds of pitches, he would use only three. Jerome, on the other hand, had a tend-

ency to run in the direction of experimentation. Murry Dickson (formerly of the Pirates, now of the Phillies) has a fine assortment of pitches, but he feels an obligation to run through his entire repertory in every game."

The food had arrived and Ricky picked up knife and fork and, eying Mrs. Ricky closely, began to speak more rapidly.

"Yes," he said loudly, "Murry is the sort of pitcher who will go along splendidly until the eighth inning and then apparently say to himself: 'Oh, dear me, I have forgotten to throw my half-speed ball!' And then and there he will throw it."

Abruptly, Ricky made a lightning thrust with his fork in the direction of a pan-browned potato on the platter. Mrs. Ricky, alert for just such a stratagem, met the thrust with her own fork and they fenced for a few seconds in mid-air.

"Jane!" pleaded Ricky, abandoning the duel.

Mrs. Ricky deposited the potato on her own plate and passed over a small dish of broccoli.

"This will be better for you," she said quietly. "You know you're not to have potatoes."

"You get plenty to eat," said Mrs. Ricky. "Didn't you enjoy the meat patty at breakfast?"

Ricky shrugged his shoulders, conceding the point, and attacked his roast beef and broccoli with gusto.

"The subject of my retirement comes up from time to time," he said. "And to the direct question, 'When will you retire from baseball?' my answer is, 'Never!' But I qualify that. Now, I do foresee the day, likely next year, when I shall spend less time at my desk, at my office. I shall spend more time in the field, scouting, looking at prospects, and leave the arduous responsibilities of the general manager's position to other hands."

He looked admiringly at the baked apple before him. He put his hand on the pitcher of rich cream beside it and glanced inquiringly across the table. This time the veto was not invoked and, happily, Ricky drained the pitcher over his dessert.

After he had dropped a saccharin tablet in his coffee, he leaned back and smiled at Mrs. Ricky. Then he leaned forward again and rubbed his chin, seeming to debate something with himself. He grasped the sides of the table and spoke with the air of a conspirator.



Ricky grumbled: "I am weary of this diet. It is a cruel and inhuman thing."

"Eat the broccoli," Mrs. Ricky said.

"Jane," said Ricky, "there are times in a man's life when he wants above everything else in the world to have a potato."

"Here is something I intend to do," he said. "My next thing. A completely new idea in spring training."

He arranged the silverware to illustrate the story.

"A permanent training camp, designed and built for that purpose. Twin motels—not hotels, motels—with four playing fields in between as a sort of

quadrangle. A public address system. Especially designed press accommodations. Now. One motel would be occupied by the Pittsburgh club, the other by an American League club. They would play a series of exhibition games and would draw better than two teams from the same league. Everything that went into the camp would be the result of our experience with training camps all through the years. It would be fool-proof. And it would pay for itself because it would be operated for tourists after spring training. I love the land. At Fort Myers, Florida, the finest training site in the country for my money. I have an American League Club ready to go along with me. I have two thirds of the financial backing necessary."

THE SUMMING UP

Rickey leaned back in triumph, then came forward quickly again.

"Everybody concerned is ready to put up the cash now," he whispered, "except me!"

He paused for effect, then suddenly realized he had not said exactly what he intended. He burst into laughter.

"Sh-h-h," said Mrs. Rickey.

"What I mean," he said, sobering, "is that I can't go along with the plan until we have a contending ball club. But we'll get there. We'll put over this thing. It will revolutionize spring training."

It was time to get back to the office. Rickey was for sprinting down the stairs to the first floor, but Mrs. Rickey reminded him of his trick knee.

"Ah, yes, Mother," he said. "We will take the elevator."

On the street outside, Rickey remembered he had sent his car home.

"We'll get a cab down at the corner," he said. "I've got a meeting at the office. Where can I drop you, Mother?"

"Well," said Mrs. Rickey. "I thought I'd go look at some lamps."

"Oh, yes," Rickey exclaimed. "Go to that store I showed you. Mother, I understand they have the largest selection of lamps in town."

Mrs. Rickey looked at him and shook her head and smiled.

Rickey, already thinking of something else, studied the sidewalk. He raised his head and spoke firmly over the traffic.

"The game of baseball," he said, "has given me a life of joy. I would not have exchanged it for any other."

He took Mrs. Rickey by the arm. They turned and walked down the street together and vanished into the crowd.

END

JOHNNY REVOLTA SAYS:



A good part of our time is spent with the *Pittsburgh Courier* and *Avalanche* through the big time. This will be all in proper season and keep the ball on a straight line in the hole. Please, this article, in your letter with a Pitt Courier—it will lower your score, paying you a big dividend. Only \$0.95 Postpaid.

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3-7

THE NTH DEGREE

Sirs:

I just received my February 14th issue of SI and by chance turned to the article concerning the Westminster Dog Show. The article and illustrations are typical of your magazine, in that it is complete to the nth degree. The chart on dog genealogy amazed me and made me realize all the more what a service your magazine is doing for the world of sport.

I want you to know that I, and many others, fully appreciate your efforts, although we do not write letters every week.

GEORGE E. JENSEN
Sports Editor
Record-Searchlight

Redding, Calif.

HE GOES AS IS

Sirs:

First of all I want to congratulate you on your very fine article on the Westminster Show and the "ins and outs" of dog shows, handlers and what have you. I enjoyed it



TOY MANCHESTER TERRIER

immensely and I think the non-doggy and slightly-doggy public will find it most entertaining and informative.

I have a bone to pick with you and or Mr. Arthur Singer. In the chart showing the genealogy there is a picture of a little dog below which the name "Miniature Pinscher" appears. The dog pictured is a Toy Manchester Terrier, of which there can be no doubt, as the Miniature Pinscher has both cropped ears and a docked tail. I have nothing against the little Pinschers, thinking they are a very handsome little dog, but a Toy Manchester goes "basic" and no mutilation is necessary to make him the smart-looking dog that he is. My Toy Manchester Terrier, Ch. Whisky Neat of Bunniet Brook, placed best of opposite sex last year.

RUTH TAFT HOBBS

Shrewsbury, Mass.

WHERE IS THAT NATIVE?

Sirs:

I like SI, but you can imagine how I felt this month after searching through your dog chart and not being able to find a picture of the American Water Spaniel. The oldest breed of hunting dog in America,

one of only two in the whole sporting group that was developed here in the U.S.A., a true native. I breed and hunt with these dogs and also have shown in a lot of shows. Have at this time a male and a female that



AMERICAN WATER SPANIEL

I campaigned to their championship in 1954. These dogs have been bred pure for over 50 years.

S. V. HANSON

Delafield, Wis.

A TRIBUTE

Sirs:

I certainly enjoyed Mr. Wells's dog-show coverage, though I myself happen to be a cat man. His name is Bo Bo (see cut) and I had him long before Mr. Rockefeller had his Bobo. Not near the expense either. Tried once to establish some sort of family lineage for him. Figured he had the swaggle of Fuzzy Freddie from Frellinghuysen's Ferry and the glare of Goggle-eyed Gertie from Gillycuddy Gulch, so thought it best to keep things in the family. End of ancestry research, but beginning A Tribute, to that great All-American thoroughbred, the alley cat, with both grandparents from the wrong side of the tracks and from whom America's children have learned their first lessons in love, tolerance, ownership and the facts of life.

L. S. MONTGOMERY

Jacksonville, Fla.



ALL-AMERICAN ALLEY CAT

EXTRA

Sirs:

Another whistle kettie to SI! Cricket, like opera, is a run sport and P. Gallies gave it delightful makings!

Here with a few "extra's" you may like to add to an already fine score.

The Cincinnati Red Stockings of 1869 (beginnings of organized ball) "developed" from the city's cricket club, which, with San Francisco, Detroit and Chicago, rivaled the strongholds of western cricket.

The romantic history of baseball is epitomized for glamour and personality almost solely by the great Babe, English cricket, past and present, is similarly served by W. G. Grace (W. G., "the grace of God"), a qualified physician whose great beard blew through nearly 50 years of English cricket; Ranji, the Indian prince, whose late move at the wicket was faster than that of a mongoose; and that most felicitous and estimable of sports historians, Neville Cardus, who, incidentally, is music critic for the *Manchester Guardian*.

Actually, while smaller, the cricket ball is a half ounce heavier than the baseball. A



W. G. GRACE

true eight-ounce, red-dyed cricket ball and the ball retained here for field hockey are much of a matchness.

The character-tic "airfoil" shaping of the cricket blade is routine. The manufacturing "secret" consists in the most advantageous construction of the handle, made of alternating lengths of cane and rubber. This sheaf of cane and rubber is encased in a rubber sleeve and tediously spliced into the blade. For desired "whip" nothing has improved on this cane-rubber combination. The choicest hick yellow comes from the female blue willow (*Salix caerulea*)! Straightness of grain plus density are desired characteristics.

Ft. Thomas, Ky.

WM. MOOREFIELD

A WRONG SET RIGHT

Sirs:

A rainbow has appeared in the skies over the storm in Provincetown and the rest of Cap Cod caused by the confusion in the award of the Governor's Trophy for the largest striped bass in one whom we considered to be the improper winner (BOUNDTRACK, Feb. 21).

The Provincetown Chamber of Commerce was informed by Governor Christian A. Herter and Commissioner Richard Preston

AN INDIVIDUAL AT LAST

Sirs:

SI's articles on the Westminster show brought to mind a pet project of mine: to release the poodle, most tradition-bound of dogs, from the shackles of the academic show cut and let each animal reflect his very own individuality by trimming his coat to his personality.

Some suggestions along these lines can be found in my book *The Dog* (Simon & Schuster, \$1). Think of the dog's quiet satisfaction as he catches a passing glance in plate-glass windows.

ROY MCKIE

New Hope, N.Y.



SONG OF THE ISLANDS



THE DIPLOMAT



HOT ROD



FLAPPER



NINETENNA



SURETY



STARBUCK

of the Massachusetts Department of Commerce that a replica of the governor's cup is now being properly inscribed and will be presented to Mr. John J. Glegg of Huntington, New York (over cat), our contender, with appropriate ceremony.

Instead of the traditional pot of gold, our rambos appear to have a silver Revere bowl, known as the Governor's Trophy, at its end. It is now safe to assert that this First Landing Place of the Pilgrims will not secede from the rest of the Old Bay State.

JOHN C. SNOW

Provincetown, Mass.



GLODD'S CHAMPION

TOO SIMPLE

Sirs:

SI's Jan. 31 article, *How Ravens Out-shoot Us*, . . . sounded puzzled over

Russia's victory in the recent International Shooting Union matches at Caracas, Venezuela.

The explanation is very simple: those people are first-class Marksmen.

BERNARD FREED

Seattle, Wash.

FABULOUS TROUT

Sirs,

I am an SI reader and enjoy the many stories since the first issue.

In SI, Feb. 14 there is a picture story on the trout fishing in Lake Titicaca. I would like more information about this fabulous place, such as facilities at La Paz, Bolivia; airlines that serve the area; and any other information that may be helpful.

JOHN J. BARBOOBY

Geneva, N.Y.

● Both Braniff and Panagra will take you to La Paz, a 15-hour flight from Miami. First class round trip comes to about \$715; tourist trip can be had for \$580. Braniff will pick you up in Havana, if you happen to be there. In La Paz you stay at the Sucre-Palace (\$3 a day, European plan), and there are two hotels at Copacabana, right at the lake, where rooms run from \$2 to \$3.50 including meals. To fish Lake Titicaca you should hire a boat and guide, both available at 50¢ an hour.—ED.

A CASE OF PARTHENOGENESIS

Sirs:

This is a protest against the squib by Charles Atlas in Jimmy Jemall's Feb. 7 Hornox ("How much should a wife indulge her husband's love of sports?").

Having avoided looking at Atlas' pe-

ture in his corny ads in the pulp magazines for more years than I care to remember, and than he would admit, I think I for one have been subjected enough to the caption "The Strongest Man in the World." I have no knowledge how he came by the title, so I will not go so far as to say that it is a case of parthenogenesis, but the most charitable thing I can say about it is that it is somewhat outdated.

Golf needs no apologists, and I will not defend it, further than to say that it is one of the few true sports extant, as distinguished from mere athletic exercises.

I truly feel sorry for Mr. Atlas. It is obvious that his experience with golf was unhappy. I can visualize him now, conqueror of all he surveyed, "the strongest man in the world," dashing out to the links to take this waxy game in his stride, only to find that some 180-pound wealding overtook him 40 yards, out-approached him 40 feet, and outscored him 40 strokes. Oh! The humiliation of it all! Of course, it could not be the fault of the strongest man in the world—something had to be wrong with the game. Thus we have a blither man. Poor Mr. Atlas!

But enough of this. Why does SI give space to this childishness, this petty pique, this dreary dish of sour grapes? It spoiled the whole issue for me.

FRED M. OSBORN

Shreveport, La.

P.S. Golf, anyone?

RARE RAM'S HORN

Sirs:

I was most interested in SID SIDRACK's January 31 story on the Duesenberg brothers and their wonderful cars. I own one of the last 83 models to leave their factory, built for Prince Serge M'Ilvian. This car is one of 36 "supercharged" engines and also

continued on next page

one of the few of the blown engines having ram's horns intake manifold (see cat), similar to Ah Jenkins' Mormon Meteor which was built by Augie Duesenberg. This car established records on Bonneville Salt Flats that still stand today. This is the way the big engine (see cat) looks today, a Grandpa among hot rods.

You state that few cars survive. As a matter of fact, more than 400 are known, an amazingly high percentage to exist 19 years after all manufacturing stopped. You might be interested to hear that a man from California purchased all that remained of Duesenberg in 1946, the name, trademarks, parts, patterns, tools and so on. He is making a good living selling parts and supplies to enthusiastic owners of the remaining Duesenbergs.

J. E. GERRY

Dayton, Ohio



31 SUPERCHARGED ENGINE

I HAVE DEVELOPED A LIKING

Sir:

In looking at the SI of Feb. 1 I noticed a letter from a George Duesenberg who loved Duesenbergs. Well, I sympathize with him.

My stepfather collects "odd" cars, and we have 13. Though most of these are antiques, such as our 1903 Model A Ford and 1914 Model T Ford, we have two of the finest classics ever made. One is a 1933 Murphy-J Duesenberg and one is a 1939 SS Mercedes, originally owned by Cameron Peak. Thus I have developed a liking for these classics and I would love to see another one of your good articles, but on classic cars!

I liked very much your article on cricket as it explained well to me that word game!

EDDIE ROSSINS
Gorton School

Gorton, Mass.



1930 55 MERCEDES

MYSTERY UNRAVELED

Sir:

Why ruin a good joke with the truth, perhaps, but I can't help pointing out that SI's Feb. 14 cartoon is based on an extremely wild premise—that the young lady's sweater was knit on circular needles from the shoulders down. While this may be possible, I doubt it. Any sweater I have ever knit was 1/2 worked from the bottom up and would therefore be raveled from the top

down and 2/3 was knit in four pieces subsequently sewn together and could not be raveled at all until the side and sleeve seams were ripped.

I imagine you couldn't care less.

RITA B. CAMP

New York

● Cartoonist Marcus is a knit-wit.—ED.

MAKE YOUR OWN MIDGET

Sir:

SI, Feb. 21 carried a story on midget auto. This article mentions that these automobiles may be purchased either in their finished state or in kit form.

I should like to know where these automobile midgets may be obtained and, if possible, more and detailed information concerning them.

JOHN D. HILLARD, M.D.

Medicine Lodge, Kans.

● The Viking Craft Co. of Anaheim, Calif. manufactures the complete kit. Takes a bright father about seven hours' work with screw driver, wrench and pliers to assemble the midget. More adventurous parents who want to do some manufacturing of their own can purchase separate parts: frame (\$10); fully molded plexiglass body in two parts (\$49.50). But as far as we know, these midgets race only in California.—ED.

N.A.V.P.

Sir:

Wrong again. In connection with John Jay's Jan. 10 article and subsequent correction—the second lady on the camel is now Mrs. Charles Potter!

She is not still Barbara McClurg.

MARIE H. BORLAND

Lake Forest, Ill.

● Miss McClurg to Mrs. Potter: (Nov. 6, 1954). We saw her last spring. Sorry we weren't asked to the wedding.—ED.

WOULD IT?

Sir:

The favorite topic of basketball fans nowadays seems to be what can be done to improve the game. I hope that the men who are on the rules committee will at least consider this a proposal.

Reduce the size of the backboard to approximately one-third of its present size. Would this not put more of a premium on accuracy? Would it not take some of the advantage away from the tall man? Would it not permit shots from a greater area of the floor? Would it not tend to keep the mid-court area, particularly near the basket, less congested? Would not this less congestion reduce the number of fouls, since the majority of fouls are committed near the basket? Would not its disadvantages be very minimal?

L. E. BOTUS, M.D.

Harvey, N. Dak.

GIVE IT A BOOST

Sir:

SI, Feb. 7 lists the North American winners in ski jumping and cross-country, but you overlooked the winner of the Nordic combined event.

My son, Ted Farwell Jr., brought home the first-place medal in the Nordic Combined North American Championship: the combined cross-country and jumping event. It is an important phase of the Winter Olympic Games and incidentally the most cherished ski championship in the Scandinavian countries.

Naturally I feel that Ted should get proper recognition, but the important part is for SI to recognize this event. We have many prospective youngsters in the United States who are training toward a championship in this Nordic combined event.

THURGOOD A. FARWELL SR.

Chicago

● All recognition and a Pat on the Parka to Olympic Skier Ted Farwell.—ED.

JILL KINMONT FUND

Sir:

As a physician, I know too well the long, expensive hospitalization period (see Publisher's Memo, Feb. 28) to which spinal fracture cases must submit.

As a ski enthusiast, I also realize that, had Miss Kinmont not been injured, no Americans might have been very proud of her achievement as an Olympic competitor.

I am sending this contribution in the spirit that it may encourage other sports enthusiasts and skiers to contribute aid to one of our promising American athletes who is in trouble and financial need.

PHYSICIAN'S NAME WITHHELD

Chicago, Ill.

● Jill's admirers may send contributions to Jill Kinmont Fund, Far West Ski Assn., Executive Offices, Huntington Hotel, Pasadena, Calif.—ED.

INFLATION

Sir:

SI, Feb. 21 implies that young George Washington, at the age of 11, could not have thrown a dollar across the 1,329-foot Rappahannock.

You forget that a dollar went farther in 1743 than it does in 1954.

W. NORWOOD BRIGANCE

Crawfordsville, Ind.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S

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Sports the whole family can enjoy, especially in a family-safe Lone Star like the \$285 Commander, above, America's fastest selling boat.

These aluminum and Fiberglass boats are making history. They are opening wide the door to a world that few of us could formerly enter—that wonderful, once exclusive world of water sports.

Take a good look at them...then look at the prices too. They are within the reach of any family that sets their hearts on one.

There is no upkeep. Lone Stars are modern boats—for the modern sportsman who wants to use his boat, not work on it. Made of twentieth century materials—aluminum or Fiberglass—they can't rot or waterlog, never need scraping and painting.

Lone Star
BOATS

Wouldn't you like to see them? There are 29 models to choose from and a full line of trailers to carry them. Drop us a card, we'll send you the name of your dealer and a free color catalog.

Lone Star Boat Manufacturing Co.

Box 747-2 Grand Prairie, Texas
Plants at Grand Prairie, Texas, and Bremen, Indiana

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America's Fastest Selling Line of Aluminum and Fiberglass Boats - Outboard and Inboard Cruisers - Boat Trailers